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THE VOICE OF MYSTIC INDIA

THE VOICE OF MYSTIC INDIA

My Psychic Experiences

by

ALICE ELIZABETH DRACOTT

Author of "Simla Village Tales"

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

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FOREWORD

THESE pages cover the experiences of many years, and friends possessed of psychic insight have often urged their publication ; yet, until now, the Author has hesitated, because spiritual experiences are too often laughed at as being mere evidences of a deranged mind by those who cannot understand them, and who call such dreamers " mad."

Who does not shrink from the lash of Materialism, which strikes out indiscriminately and leaves wounds which take long to heal ?

The World of To-day appears to be awakening to the fact that the UNSEEN is sometimes more real than what the physical sight beholds.

" Wave-lengths," " wireless tuning in " for unseen messages have come to stay.

" While we look not at the things that are seen " (by our ordinary everyday outlook upon life), " but at the things which are not seen " (and which too easily escape material observation), " for the things which are seen are

temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal " (2 Cor. iv, 18).

Herein lies their fascination. When the physical body is laid aside like a garment and the Soul passes into the Next Room, but few pause to listen to the voices which may be overheard from there.

This is the tragedy. The Door of Death as the world understands it is closed upon many a dear one, a great stone placed against it, and nobody awaits their return in spiritual form, or listens for the " Still Small Voice " of Spirit ; and thus it happens that the Door of the Next Room is for ever closed, and its Key thrown away.

To find this Key— to open the Door— to stand upon the Threshold of the Next Room—to behold. Is not this experience too wonderful to be missed ?

And yet perhaps few will believe that the Real Entrance is not by way of the Seance Room, with its mediums, its trumpets, its movable chairs and tables, and all its popular phenomena, but is sooner effected through the " Voice of the Silence " alone.

THE AUTHOR.

BURNSIDE,
SIMLA WEST,
INDIA.

June 1930.

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THE VOICE OF MYSTIC INDIA

INDIA has ever been a land of strange happenings, and it is here that I have spent the fullest and most wonderful years of my life.

Looking back in the evening light, and thinking over many strange contacts with the invisible, it is surprising to find how many and how varied these psychic experiences have been, and those to whom I have related some of them have often begged that they might some day be published, but, until now, I have always felt diffident to do so, although I have occasionally contributed a few to the Press.

That which I have always known as The Voice has ever warned of impending danger, coming with startling distinctness and unerring certainty like a faithful helper and true friend comes in the hour of need.

Sometimes The Voice has warned or spoken in a dream, but of this I will speak later.

It was a hot day on the Plains of India, and I was seated in an old-fashioned bungalow in

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Central India watching beside my sleeping baby girl while her *ayah* was absent for her midday meal. There were no electric fans in the town and the soft burr of the punkah wheel as a sleepy coolie pulled it to and fro over us was the only sound that accompanied the child's regular breathing ; and, with its insistent monotony, induced me to sleep, so that I felt quite startled when suddenly and unexpectedly The Voice said very distinctly and clearly : " Take up the child : you have not a moment to lose." For a moment I hesitated, as every mother knows how fretful a child sometimes is if suddenly roused from sleep ; yet The Voice insisted : " Quick : you have no time to lose " ; and, acting upon the warning which my own intuition told me was not to be disregarded, I snatched up my baby, only just in time to see the heavy wooden pole of the swaying punkah fall upon her pillow !

On another occasion we were spending the summer in a small cottage in Simla and had all gone to sleep one night when The Voice called : " Get up. Look." I quickly sat up and turned on the light, and there, creeping towards my child's small hand, was an enormous scorpion ; another moment and its cruel sting might easily have led to dire consequences.

Very often on hearing a postal peon call out "Telegram," I have said to my dear old madrassi servant, Mary, "There is a telegram from X.," nor did it strike me as being anything unusual that I should know before it was opened who had sent the wire, until Mary's astonished question afterwards—"How Missus *know* who sent telegram?" made me wonder how I *did* know of a quite unexpected message. Yet these intuitive happenings were so usual in our family when my sisters and brothers were mere school children, that afterwards, when we had grown up and left home, it came upon us as a surprise that most people we met did not seem even to remember their dreams next morning; while we were so accustomed to tell our dreams to each other on waking that mother had to warn us we should be late for breakfast!

I was sitting in the verandah one morning in the early days of my married life when I noticed a peon in the distance: it immediately came to me that he was coming to our bungalow with a letter from a certain official which would contain some definite news. I went at once to my husband, and said, "A man is coming with the news about that billet."

Naturally he asked, "How do you know?" "Who told you?" "Where is he?" "Where

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is the letter ? ” It seemed quite strange to me to be questioned, and I hardly knew what reply to make, since I saw everything so clearly in my own mind ; yet in everyday practical life people do not understand intuition and sometimes think it “ silly.” Yet a little later the selfsame messenger stepped into our verandah with a letter from the official asking my husband to call at once to see him about the very matter I had seen was in that letter !

One of the most vivid and terrible experiences in my life was when my young baby of a few months old and I were both nearly killed owing to the poisonous fumes of a charcoal fire, which a careless servant had lighted in the small room where the child was bathed.

Overcome by the fumes I fainted, and my first question when I came to was, “ Where is Baby ? ” I was told she was in the verandah with the doctor, but little did I expect to see her lying still, silent, and white, and to all appearance dead. “ Doctor, is she dead ? ” I cried ; and very sadly he tried to keep what he believed to be the truth from me. It was then I heard The Voice say to me, “ Cold water. Quick ! ” I flew to the bathroom and was just about to dash some cold water on her face when the doctor said very quietly, and with pity in his

voice, " That will be of no use " : but the next moment the child cried out ; and he was beside her in an instant holding her pulse and reassuring us. I have always believed that she had actually passed on when The Voice recalled her to life.

It is perhaps no uncommon experience when a psychic receives some urgent message from an unknown source and possibly it may be traced to a thought-wave from a relative or friend ; in any case such messages are as clear and definite as any telegram, and I have received many during my life. On one occasion a message came to me that a brother-in-law whom I believed to be in the best of health, was lying seriously ill. I immediately sent a wire to my sister, " How is Tom ? " To which she replied, " Has been very ill, Enteric, but is better."

My sister and I were walking out one morning not very far from a small building near a railway crossing. It was a new railway which had only recently been completed and had not been opened for passenger or goods traffic ; so we walked leisurely along on the embankment with a trolley following us. Suddenly The Voice directed me to walk as far as the empty building at the crossing which was a few yards ahead ; but my sister had decided that we had better

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turn back homewards ; so it took some persuasion to make her believe that I felt impelled to look into the hut. She argued that it must be imagination ; and that we had walked quite far enough. So I begged her to wait while I pressed forward breathlessly ; and soon I heard groans from a young woman who was stretched almost unconscious upon the mud floor. We found later that she was an Indian pilgrim, who, overcome by the heat, had dragged herself to the empty hut and fainted about two days before we were directed to the spot to rescue her.

Many Indians who are well versed in such matters, seem to feel no surprise if asked about a strange cone-shaped globe of light which others besides myself have sometimes seen ; this light appears to float along with a curious gliding movement ; and from what I have been able to gather, is supposed to be a form of haunting which is both beautiful and fascinating to watch. At midnight I once woke to find a strange light such as this alongside of me. I had seen it once before so was not alarmed, but only greatly surprised when a voice seemed to say, from the very midst of it, " Get up and see who is in the kitchen."

The window of my dressing-room directly overlooked both the servants' quarters and

kitchen, so quickly I switched on the electric light and called to the *chowkidar*, or night watchman, who soon appeared with his lantern. "Go into the kitchen and see who is there," I said ; and as he stood in the doorway he replied, "There are four men hiding in each corner, Memsahib ; two are your servants and two are strange men who I do not recognize." He proceeded to ask many questions, and to make uncomplimentary remarks ; but eventually the two strange men who the servants said were only innocent friends, quietly walked out into the night and were not seen in the compound again. It was not till some time afterwards that I came to know they were busy trying to forge money, and were doubtless quite dangerous characters, whom the police would have been glad to find. Only once again did I see the strange globe of light but in connection with quite another circumstance, of which I will write later.

Among the many interesting people whom I have met in India was a quiet old Anglo-Indian whom I will call A.W. Very few who knew him in his official life ever guessed how deeply versed he was in occult matters, or what a keen interest he took in psychic research, and his library (dealing with such subjects) was one of the most

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unique private collections I have ever seen. A. W. took an affectionate interest in his books and often lent me any book which specially interested me. We had many conversations about the after-life, and when he was absent from the station I often wrote to him on subjects of mutual interest. His letters always stated his opinions in the definite terms of a man who was thoroughly at home with his subject. One day he had a long talk with my eldest daughter, at that time a young girl lately out from school. She often had strangely prophetic dreams, and perhaps it may have been one of these that had interested A. W. I found he had talked with her quite earnestly on his favourite topic of the after-life. It was a truly tragic circumstance in the life of poor A. W. that his sister, with whom he shared his home, was not the least bit interested in any of the subjects which meant so much to him ; and I could not help asking him one day what would become of his wonderful collection of books after he had passed on. I am sorry that I did not suggest some suitable library in England for he seemed to foresee its fate, and remarked very sadly, " I suppose it will be sold to the first Kubari who wants to buy it."

I knew that it was a painful subject, as he had

never married, and had left all or nearly all that he possessed to his sister in his will, so I did not refer again to the future of his beloved books. His home was in a lonely deserted cantonment not far from Benares, and he told me he never lived far from that stronghold of Hinduism where so many of India's holy and learned men are to be found and where on his advice I went in search of initiation.

On my return from Benares I went to live at Sikkim, a small hill state bounded by the mysterious land of Thibet. Here it was that my two girls and I were roused one night by the loud buzzing of a bee. It was an unusual occurrence for a bee to buzz round in the middle of the night, and yet when we turned on the lamp there was no mistaking that it was a large black and gold bee, and not a beetle or any other familiar creature which so often disturbs one's rest. "Perhaps we shall hear some news in the morning," I said, as we tried to get to sleep once more.

The first post next day brought me a letter in a strange handwriting, which stated without any sentiment the bare fact that A. W. was dead ; and she, his sister, who was his executor, desired to interest his friends in the sale of a book which he had recently published, etc.

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It was a great shock to us to hear of the sudden and unexpected passing of A. W., who, only a few weeks before, appeared to be quite well and cheerful, although never very robust.

A few evenings after hearing the news, my eldest child was writing a letter, when suddenly she heard A. W.'s voice call her. He appeared to be standing quite close, and although she could not actually see him, she recognized his voice directly she heard it, and sensed not only his presence, but his wish to refer to the conversation he had so recently had with her on the subject of life after death. I have always deeply regretted that fear overcame her ; and instead of making any reply she got up and left the room. Telling me about it afterwards, she said, " He seemed to wish to say something, and kept following me wherever I went, until I got so frightened that I went out into the garden, and then he left me." " How hurt he must have felt that you were afraid of him," I said ; and yet, is it not an unaccountable yet universal fact, that the empty house, in which familiar friends or relatives once lived, if seen when they have vacated it for good, is too often feared and avoided in the most remarkable way ? The last letter I had written to A. W. before his pass-

ing remained unanswered ; and sitting alone by the fire one evening, when the rest of my household had gone to a bridge party, I happened to remember one of the subjects I had asked him about in my letter. " And now," I said to myself, " I shall never know the answer to my question ! " Immediately came the response, " Why not ? Go into the next room and take up the first book you place your hand upon." So clear and distinct was the message that I felt dumb with surprise.

There was a bookshelf in the next room, but as the room was in pitch darkness, the same fear which had assailed my daughter seemed about to overcome me. I pulled myself together, determined to put to a practical test the distinct message I had received ; so, going quickly into the darkness I seized the first book with which my hand came in contact, and returned to my seat beside the fire. I found that the book in my hand was the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, which A. W. himself had lent me a short while previously, and looking into it I found the answer to my question. The whole experience seemed most wonderfully convincing to me.

I longed to mention it to others, and yet dreaded the sort of ridicule which such experiences too

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often cause, such as, "Are you sure you had not fallen asleep?" etc. I also remembered what A. W. had said might be the fate in store for his books after his death, and I longed to preserve *The Secret Doctrine* from such a fate; and yet duty told me that it must be made over to his executrix. "I suppose I must send it to her," I said with a sigh, when, with even more forcefulness than before A. W. sent his second message—"No! don't. Wait!" Wait? I wondered why, but resolved to await further developments and, in the light of future events, I am glad that I did.

Eight months later I went to Calcutta, where I met A. W.'s greatest friend; and naturally our thoughts and conversation turned upon A. W. "You heard, I suppose, what happened to his library? It was sent to auction, and sold to the highest bidder; some of his most prized and valuable books fetched, I am told, four annas—, all," added his friend, "except *The Secret Doctrine* which he left me in his Will; but unfortunately the (I listened breathlessly, for I knew what was coming, when he concluded) second volume is missing." "Now I understand the meaning of the message," I said, and I eagerly told his friend of my remarkable experience.

And no such experience in my life has ever come by way of a table, a paid medium, or any mechanical device, with the exception of crystals, which have at times revealed the living but never the dead. Nor can I understand how those heart-to-heart talks between, for instance, a husband and wife, which during their earth life were never shared by a stranger, become at times the common property of the séance room. Would we, during a dear one's life-time, send a message of the heart through a paid stranger? Would not such a verbal message be a surprise almost amounting to desecration of earth's most sacred ties? And yet after death such a thing is possible! I am no scientist, but, according to the rules of common sense and good taste, I think not. I do not argue that no message of any worth *can* come through a psychic or medium, for if this is the *only* means of approach or contact adopted, a dear one would find almost every other or better avenue of approach closed when desiring to get a message through. My own method is to seek, while quite alone, to find those who are so ready to keep in touch with dear ones who shared their earth life. It often helps to concentrate upon the picture of one who has passed over. The religious world is surely not altogether on the wrong track

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when it holds to the idea of concentration before the image of that concentration for bringing about definite results ?

A very busy life in various stations in India seems to leave but little time for earnest psychic development ; so that some of these gifts from God have come upon me as a revelation. It was a great joy to me to visit sometimes a certain hospital and take a few flowers from my garden to the patients ; and in this way I came to know the sad histories of many a patient there. I was just about to enter the hospital gates one evening when I met Mrs. C., the wife of one of the patients, who was weeping bitterly. " Have you heard the news about my husband ? " she sobbed ; " the doctors have given him only ten days to live."

" I am indeed sorry," I assured her, and then enquired where Mr. C. was, and whether friends were permitted to see him. " He has gone to the Dâk Bungalow," she said, " as nothing further could be done for him, and he is busy getting his affairs into order before he dies. Will you come with me to see him ? " I willingly accompanied her, and found poor Mr. C. looking like death itself, as he lay propped up with pillows looking at his will and various papers. Humanly speaking, there was no hope

for him, and he also told me of the doctor's verdict.

It was just then that The Voice spoke in no uncertain way to me. "Tell this man that he WILL NOT DIE. Tell him about X——" a remedy which had been used with great success in a similar case. Now, it may be argued that a Divine Voice would not suggest material remedies ; nor do I doubt that Omnipotence can effect instantaneous cures, and yet, are there not cases where human beings are so wrapped in the thick veil of despair as to be blind to the sunlight which streams upon them ? If this were not so, why need The Master have said, "Go wash in the Pool of Siloam" ; to which miraculous healing powers were ascribed ? The temperament of a human was well known to the Master.

It would be a difficult matter to convince Mr. C., and yet I knew that it must be done, for The Voice is never untrue.

"Mr. C., you have been told that there is no hope ; but I know that 'all things are possible,' and that YOU WILL NOT DIE."

Then I told him of the remedy ; and before leaving had made him promise to try and believe that his was not a hopeless case.

These events took place fifteen years ago ;

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and by the power of Omnipotence Mr. C. recovered, and is still living, although the doctor who had relinquished him to his death, thought he had come face to face with the man's ghost when he met Mr. C. out walking about ten days after his case had been pronounced hopeless.

The same year a very sick friend, who was under treatment for chronic indigestion, came to stay with me for a change of air. She seemed much better, and was to return home the following morning, when, to my surprise, I found her crying bitterly, as all the unfavourable symptoms had returned. Standing beside her bed, I suddenly saw, as clearly as in a crystal, what was her actual complaint ; and I begged her to lose no time in finding out if this clairvoyant vision was correct. Nor did it surprise me to hear that the vision sent to me was absolutely true, for not once, but many times during my life, has this psychic diagnosis proved true.

In cases such as these, what is disclosed is a sort of mental vision ; but to quite another branch of psychic visions belongs the mirage-like scene which passes before the physical eyesight and which many thousands who are gifted with such second-sight have described.

To my thinking, nothing is more wonderful than future events seen in a crystal, which take actual form, and make movements like miniature beings in a cinema. Yet nobody has posed for such pictures because, in most instances, the events depicted have not yet come to pass ! A person, for instance, who has never been abroad, is seen to be walking in some familiar Indian city, before there is even a hint that he will ever go there, and yet the crystal vision proves to be prophetic and absolutely correct. I have never made an earnest study of crystal gazing, and yet many of the pictures I have seen in my crystal have been true. I have already described the globe of light which I saw beside my bedside one night, and which conveyed a warning about what the servants were doing in the kitchen.

One winter my children and I went to spend a month or two with a friend in A——. The tomb of a Mahomedan saint was situated quite close to her bungalow, and before I had spent many hours in the place, my friend called me aside and said, “ Please do not feel nervous if anything out of the way should happen in this house. I have myself seen the old Pir Sahib standing by the tree near his grave, and his voice is often heard calling to prayer in the early morning, but unless the place is neglected,

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and not kept clean and well swept round his tomb, he is perfectly harmless."

"And what happens if the place is not kept neat and clean?" "Well, the Indians say that everything goes wrong; and even the cattle grazing in the neighbourhood rush madly about as though terrified." I felt greatly interested, and as the old man's grave was plainly visible from my bedroom door, I resolved to get up early and look towards it, and also listen for the call to prayer which was heard to proceed from his direction.

Next morning found me eagerly looking out across the garden, but to my disappointment a cold-weather mist had hidden the Pir Sahib's grave completely, and I was just about to get back into bed, when I stood spellbound, as the familiar call to prayer fell upon the stillness of dawn. There was, as far as we were aware, no mosque in the vicinity, and certainly the call sounded as though it came straight across from the old man's tomb. A few nights after this I was lying in bed reading some interesting book, while both my children were fast asleep, when I saw a strange globe of light come floating down a passage which led towards our bedroom.

It was a beautiful bluish globe of light, slightly pointed at the top like the flame of a candle.

Nearer and nearer it came along the floor, while I watched it with fascinated eyes ; for it seemed to be going in the direction where the two girls were sleeping, and I saw it stop directly beside their bed, where it still shed its beautiful bluish gleam. Then it suddenly went out, and only once again have I seen it.

This was an instance when no voice or warning was sent ; and yet I felt all the while that the light was in some strange and unaccountable way connected with the old Pir Sahib.

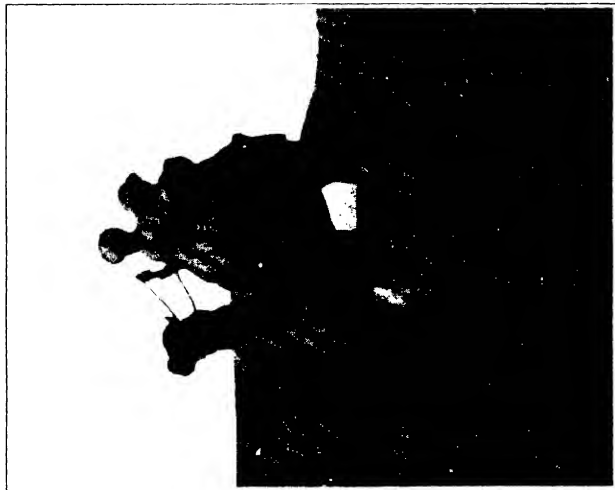
Some years later I had the unique experience of going with my husband through the Mor Range of Baluchistan, where no other European woman had ever been. It was a bleak, lonely place, and after we had travelled some hundreds of miles by camel prospecting for manganese, we made a long halt on a small plateau about two hundred miles from the coast, our nearest town being Lasbeyla, whose ruler is called the Jam Sahib.

Never will I forget the silence of the desert around our camp where, in the evenings, I sometimes tried in vain to hear even the chirp of a bird, until at last there came the familiar sound of an approaching camel, as my husband returned from work. After we had spent about five months in the mountains we started our

return journey to Karachi. The weather by this time had become uncomfortably hot, so we got up at 4 a.m. every day and made a start on our camels directly after "*chota hazree*," or early morning tea. The starlight was like an eastern dream which seemed to bring to mind old Biblical scenes, such as the Flight into Egypt ; then, just as the sun had risen, we found ourselves within a few miles of the next Dâk bungalow where, after a rather late breakfast, we rested in the heat of the day.

One of our halts was at a god-forsaken dirty little village called Sheikraj, a comfortless spot which I should gladly forget but for one of the most thrilling incidents in my life.

On leaving Sheikraj, long before it was light next day, we felt thankful that our next halt would be our last ; as we were now nearing the coast. I carried with me a fascinating little puppy. He was just a mongrel picked up in a village and named Kim, but he kept me very wide awake while riding a camel. Lovely was the pageant of dawn as it swept in rose and gold across the sky ; and presently a great camp came into sight, with the blue smoke of its camp fires, and all the stir of life. I looked back and asked my husband, whose camel was just behind mine, whether it was a camp from



CHAKAR, THE CAMEL MAN, AND THE AUTHOR IN
THE WILD MOR RANGE OF BALUCHISTAN



LAMAS OF SIKKIM WHO CAN EXORCISE A HAIL
STORM OR PREVENT RAIN

Quetta. He, however, did not seem to hear my question, for he just shook his head and made no reply. Just then a long winding caravan came slowly towards us, and turned off the main road towards the camp. The leading camel, led by a fine, tall, soldierly-looking man, was a lovely animal, and I could not help admiring it, with its fanciful trappings, when, for the first time, I noticed that the man who led it carried a large shield and bow and arrows, and looked unfamiliar. "Chakar," I asked my camel-driver, "who are these people, and what soldiers have come and pitched that large camp?" Chakar's reply nearly caused me to fall off the camel, it took me so utterly by surprise. "Mem-sahib," he said, "the sahib's camel and my camel are the only two camels on this road!" As soon as I had recovered my breath, I said, pointing to the caravan, "And these, can you not see them?" Then he said, very clearly and distinctly, "God knows." My husband, too, when I eagerly questioned him, had seen no camp and no caravan; and thought the whole thing "Pure imagination!" A curious sequel to this remarkable vision is that it was at our next halting-place, Somniani Bay, that the fleet of Alexander the Great was victualled by Nearchus, and we had passed along the route

taken by his troops. The vision of warriors has been seen under the same conditions on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and I am inclined to believe that pictures of past events are (in some now obscure manner) so stored in the atmosphere as to reappear from time to time, under favourable conditions, such conditions being more easily visible to the attuned psychic eye than to that of the more material human. It is a well-known fact that both dogs and horses possess this peculiar faculty, and see forms which are quite unseen by men and women around them. My strange vision may therefore be classed as a mirage of the Past, for certainly there was nothing at all modern about that caravan. Either this, or it was some actual scene taking place in some distant country, and transmitted like a picture sent by wireless; one might even go a step further and imagine that if such a thing were possible, then wireless pictures might be transmitted from what we are wont to call The Other Side, this being some unknown land which has not so far been geologically located, and we call the men and women of such pictures "ghosts" or "spirits," and are afraid of them! This is, of course, entirely theoretical, as science has not disclosed anything in support of such an idea. There are few

who dream dreams, see visions, or form theories about the after-life, who do not lay themselves open to ridicule, and it is too often that this reason deters many a seer from telling any strange experience to others ; but there comes a time when even the world's laugh becomes a matter of indifference, and all self-consciousness is lost sight of, when the " things that matter " are spiritual, and things of no consequence are material. When it is fully realized that once a part of Divine Consciousness, always a part of Divine Consciousness, there is nothing to stand between those (who have laid aside their earth-stained garments, and gone into the Next Room, to put on those of spirit), and our own waiting selves, whose turn has not yet come. I have not very frequently tried to recall them, or to intrude into the Next Room, because its doors are closed to the discords of material life, yet the key of faithful love will always open the door because " God is Love."

Among my friends, when we lived in the lovely gem of a hill State called Sikkim, was Kazi Dowsandup, a cheery soul who was always smiling and full of folklore and wisdom. From him I learnt many interesting facts about the lamas of Thibet, who were well versed in those weird and powerful rhythms known as

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“mantras.” With these he assured me an unprotected field would be laid bare and utterly destroyed, while another alongside of it (whose owner had heeded the lama’s warning and allowed its protection by a mantra), remained intact through the fiercest and most destructive hailstorm. I lost no time in sending for a lama to ask him about all this.

He was quite an interesting old man, and explained how he exorcised a hailstorm. It was necessary for the purpose to carry a horn beautifully carved with symbolic emblems, while inside the horn tiny pieces of several metals, including gold, were placed together with some mustard seed. Holding this in his hand the lama recited the mantra in the field while the storm was raging, and he assured me that the largest hailstones were shattered into the smallest bits and thus did no injury to the crops.

Another method adopted by the lamas is to place a protective prayer flag on the boundaries of a garden during the hailstorm season.

This idea of a flag with prayers printed upon it appealed to my artistic sense, and, as the oldest resident of Gangtok had impressed upon me that the gardens there were utterly destroyed by terrible hailstorms every spring, I never

missed having a protective prayer flag placed at its boundaries, and must admit that during the seven years of our stay, my garden never suffered from the spring hailstorms.

DETAILS OF ILLUSTRATION OF HORN USED
BY THE LAMAS OF THIBET TO EXORCISE
A HAILSTORM

The horn must be partly black, and partly white.

In the centre is carved a tortoise upon whose body is a circle divided into nine parts, on each of which are the following numbers inscribed in Thibetan :

Top line	4 9 2
Middle line	3 5 7
Bottom line	8 1 6

On either side of the tortoise is a scorpion, and between each scorpion is a *chortan*, or temple-shaped building, such as one sees on the hills of Sikkim and Thibet. The top or widest part of the horn is surrounded by a serpent, and the opening is covered by a brass lid upon which is engraved a cross formed by two *dorjees*. A *dorjee* means a thunderbolt, and is the origin of the name Darjeeling (originally Dorjeeling).

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Unless the lama holds a metal *dorjee* in his hand he can do nothing. At the small end of the horn is a small hole which is kept closed by a plug when it is not in use.

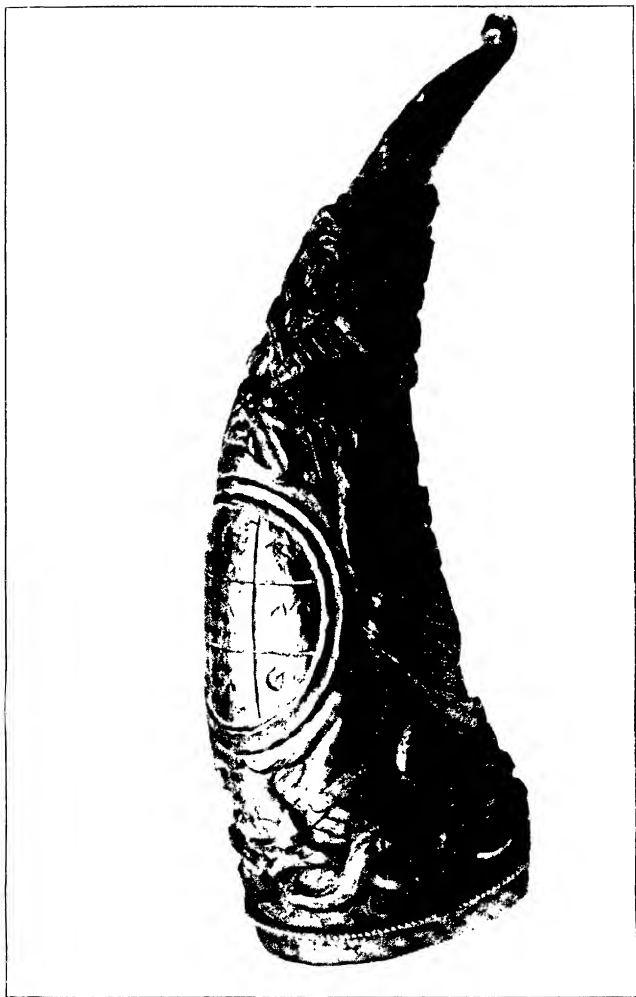
Inside the horn are the following things :

Some rye or mustard seed, a small quantity of pounded metals, viz. gold, silver, copper, brass, iron. When a thunder and hail storm is gathering the lama takes his sacred book and reads from it an old Sanscrit mantra, which can only be recited after great preparation with prayer, fasting, and meditation.

The preparation takes a day and a night, and the prayer is committed to memory, and when in use is from the heart breathed into the horn from the small end.

It is then ready to do its work. First the thunder which precedes the hailstorm must be stopped, and for this there is a special prayer ; then, when the actual hailstorm begins the lama goes out into a field with the horn in his hand, and sprinkling the mustard seed in the direction from which the hailstones are coming, he repeats the prayer, and thereby stops the hail which would otherwise destroy the crops.

It is believed that the biggest hailstones are shattered to atoms by the power of the mantra, in other words vibrations caused which the



HORN USED BY THIBETAN LAMAS TO EXORCISE HAIL STORMS

syllables used bring into action, act like an electric shock upon the hail, and thus prove the power of the spoken word of MAN over the elements.

It was during the rains that His Highness the Maharajah invited us to witness a Lama Dance, which usually takes place in the open, and very magnificent are the silken robes worn on these occasions. I asked His Highness whether the beautiful clothes worn by the lamas would not get spoilt in such wet weather, but he remarked, as though such a wonderful thing were quite simple and ordinary, "I don't think so, because my lamas will say the mantra to keep off the rain. I knew it myself," he continued, "but think I have forgotten it now!"

It was pouring on the day of the Lama Dance, and we started well armed with our umbrellas and waterproofs; yet when we reached the Palace courtyard where the dance was about to begin, no rain was falling, nor were those taking part in the ceremony obliged, from start to finish, to take shelter on account of rain. In some mysterious way these people seem able to control the elements. Another time I was being carried up to Darjeeling in my dandy by Lepcha, or aboriginal coolies, on a very hot summer's day when there was not a breath of air. I made

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no comment when the men put down my dandy to have a rest ; but I could not help observing that they had formed a group by the side of the road, and seemed to be doing some curious incantations, ending with a peculiar whistle which I have never forgotten. Then they waited in silence till a cool breeze began to stir the forest leaves. I somehow connected the coming of the breeze with the whistling ceremony, more especially when the old saying of "whistling to the wind," came back like a flash to memory. So I worried the Lepchas till they admitted that as it was very hot they had called up a cool breeze ! Years afterwards I related this and many other experiences to the well-known occultist "Jacob of Simla," and asked him if it was possible for these hill folk to "whistle up the wind" ; or if he thought it was what people will insist upon calling "mere coincidence ? "

He said at once that it was quite possible, but when I rather timidly suggested that I remembered the tune they had whistled, and sometimes thought that I, too, could do the same thing, the old man got quite angry and said with emphasis, "When you tell me that the Lepchas could do such a thing, I can believe it, but not if you think that *you* could do it !" and so I felt quite squashed.

Many people have had the experience of waking up in some lonely place, perhaps in camp in an Indian jungle, to hear most enchanting music which appears to come from some other sphere ; so that there is nothing unique in such experiences in my own life. A Buddhist preacher, by name Kali Kumar, once visited Sikkim and stayed at the house of my friend Kazi Dowsandup, who wrote and invited me to come and hear him preach.

Kali Kumar gave his address in, I think, the Thibetan language, as I could not understand what he said, and had to get it all interpreted to me ; but Kazi Dowsandup told me that the lecturer was very pleased to welcome me to his meeting, and more especially as I was the only European and Christian present. At the close of the meeting he asked me to say a few words to those present. I just remarked that I thought one of the stories told by the preacher pointed a fine moral, which all who were present would do well to remember ; and after exchanging a few words I said good-bye, and began my homeward ride through the quiet forest, as our house was some miles distant. As I rode homewards, I was surprised to hear a band playing, and immediately concluded that the Maharajah had sent for one for some festive occasion. The

music ceased just as my pony turned down into our gateway, and almost the first thing I asked when I reached the house was, "Why has the Maharajah sent for a band, I heard it playing all the way home?" "Band?" There was a chorus of surprise; of course no band had been playing. They thought it just one of my odd ideas, yet Kazi Dowsandup assured me that it would not be difficult at all for a man like Kali Kumar to have caused such music to play as I rode home through the forest. In any case, whether it was heard by others or not that music was very real to me, and of this I am sure: I did not imagine it.

Some years afterwards when I visited that stronghold of Brahmanism, Kumaon, I spoke of the strange music to Amba Dutt, a seer, and he also believed it was quite possible. Speaking one day about the Mantra Shastra, he said, "Have you never tested the fruit of a mantra?" I explained that it was difficult for a Christian to test such matters unless the mantra was one that did not differ from Christian beliefs. On this he selected a mantra which any Christian could use, for it was a most beautiful prayer.

He advised me to say it daily, and added, "I will not tell you the fruit of the mantra, I will leave you to find that out for yourself."

Several days later, I was lying wide awake one night, when I heard music coming from the servants' quarters. Only one tune was being played, over and over again, with the distracting repetition so common to Indian songs and musical refrains ; which, although beautiful in themselves, weary the lover of music by their being sung or played about forty thousand times. Next morning I spoke to the servants and asked who had been playing during the night. They seemed surprised, and assured me that no music had been played. Yet I could hear it wherever I went ; and although I left Kumaon soon afterwards, it seemed to go with me on my journey, nor did it cease for several days afterwards. Before leaving, however, I sent for Amba Dutt, and told him about it. " So you have got the fruit of the mantra," he quietly remarked ; " how long after you began saying it did you begin to hear the music ? "

It was one of those lessons on the definite results of the spoken word (such as one's own name, for instance). No wonder that Indians are so careful to consult a *guru*, or an astrologer, before naming a child ! We select a name haphazard, but they, because of its vibrations. The name of Abraham is a case in point. Abram

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was THAT which stood for the Divine Consciousness. When the name was changed to Abraham it became creative, and fatherhood was possible. Just as in Hinduism we find a distinction between Brahm¹ and Brahman. The one inactivity, the other the Word made creative.

¹ In hindi, or Divine Consciousness.

GHOST STORIES

GHOST stories are the property of the whole world, and yet were a collection of these to be made in India it would run into several bulky volumes. One of the weirdest stories I was ever told originated in the old-fashioned little town of G——r. I will relate it as nearly as possible as told to me by a woman who lived there.

In the old opium days, when there were fields upon fields of opium growing in the district, the whole industry was in charge of a manager who lived in a comfortable bungalow at G——r.

“ I was quite a young girl, when a newly married manager came with his wife to occupy the bungalow in which his predecessor had died. The couple usually went for a drive, and spent the evening at the station club. They did not perhaps come to hear that every evening during their absence, a friend used to drive up to their house in his dogcart and shout to the servants to bring him a meal. As this invariably happened near dinner-time, the cook made haste to serve his master’s guest ; but as he generally

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wasted most of the food placed before him, there was not always enough left for the master and mistress of the house when they returned to have dinner, and consequently the cook was sent for by his master and received a severe scolding.

“ ‘Please forgive me, Master,’ pleaded the cook, ‘but how can there be enough for master and missus when master’s friend comes every day and eats or wastes half the dinner.’

“ On hearing this amazing statement, the manager determined to keep watch, so next day he left his wife at the club and secreted himself in the bungalow, while all the servants sat or stood about watching for the strange visitor. Very soon he arrived, and shouted to the servants to bring dinner. There was no need for the servants to call their master. He was already lifting the dining-room purdah to confront his uninvited guest, when, quite suddenly, he looked him full in the face and fell to the floor in a dead faint, for there, sitting at the table, in full view of myself and the whole household, he recognized his predecessor who died before he took over charge !

“ As soon as he recovered the manager called his bearer, and said, ‘The memsahib and I will dine and sleep at the hotel to-night : take all

that we require for the night there.' Then he left the house nor did he ever reoccupy it."

A friend of mine was once having a cheery dinner with one or two of his pals in a bungalow overlooking the sea, on the Madras coast. After dinner his host remarked, "Strange thing, is it not, K., but every person who has occupied this place has committed suicide in this very room." There was a hearty laugh, and his friends warned him to be careful lest he might follow this bad example. He was the last man in the world to do such a thing ; and yet a very short time afterwards, my friend K., who was a doctor, was summoned in great haste to the house, where he found his cheery, genial host had died by his own hand in the room where they had enjoyed his hospitality.

It is difficult to account for such happenings. Are they the outcome of self-hypnotic suggestion, or does the suggestion come from an evil entity? More likely than not it might be a forceful urge from a thought which took shape and form in that room, from which the victim had not sought Divine protection.

My husband was once occupying a Dâk bungalow with a fellow-traveller, who, when the time came to retire for the night, proceeded to tie himself securely by one foot to the leg of his

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bed ! Asked why he was doing this, he said :
“ This place was once an old zenana, in which
unwelcome wives were thrown on to the stone
pavement of the courtyard and killed.

“ When it was first converted into a travellers’
rest-house by Government, many travellers,
without any apparent rhyme or reason, threw
themselves out of that window, which you may
observe has now had iron bars put to it, and yet,
in spite of this, I one night woke up to find my-
self almost through the bars which are not very
close together ; it was an uncanny experience,
so I am not taking any risks again.”

We were talking of various strange experi-
ences when a visitor told me that he thought
few could beat an experience he had had as a
boy.

He was studying for the priesthood at the
time (although he did not eventually adopt that
profession), and spent many hours sitting up
with his books ; but was always aware of the
presence of someone else in his room, and
although this strange intruder was not visible,
he often looked up from his work to see a pair
of eyes fixed upon him. Strange haunting eyes
which repeatedly met his own, and followed him
day and night until he grew so accustomed to
them as almost to cease to notice their presence :

and yet, in the quiet of night, he somehow feared to meet their gaze, and so took the precaution of using several pins to pin together the curtains, which were draped like those of a crib, on either side at the head of his bed. But no sooner had he laid down when he invariably saw the curtains being moved, and through the space between the pins, those strange unearthly eyes peeped in at him ! He always waited in expectation that something would happen ; and was never surprised when he suddenly got a smart slap, after which all was silent, and the eyes ceased to haunt him during the remainder of the night. This nerve-trying haunting continued for about three years, and he had long grown too accustomed to it to experience the least surprise ; but just at about this time he went to a college where he had to share a dormitory with some other companions, and from that period of his life he no longer had any further visitations of a ghostly nature.

Most people will agree that it is not difficult for a highly strung or nervous person who is much alone, to build up very real thought-forms, which are, so to speak, the outer expression of his own subliminal self : but the only part of this strange experience which is difficult to understand is the resounding slap which ended

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the phenomena ; or was the boy himself so worked up by nervousness as to himself make the sound of a slap in order to dispel and drive away the illusion ?

On one occasion when the conversation turned upon strange happenings of this sort Mrs. B., one of the party, told us that she had gone to stay at a very comfortable hotel which suited her in every respect, except that the proprietor had far too many children staying there, and they seemed to make it a point to rush past her door, and run, in what she considered a most headlong and dangerous way, down a small spiral staircase leading off the landing outside her room ; so she one day mentioned the matter to her landlady, and added, " I do not know how there are so many young children here when there are so few people, and I never see their nurses or mothers looking after them." " So you will be leaving too, Madam, like all the rest have done over those children," and then, much to her amazement, the landlady added, " Of course it does put one off a bit when one knows they are not *real* children, and that's why this hotel is so often empty." " Not real ? Whatever do you mean ? They are always laughing and playing on my landing, or rushing down the staircase." " All the same, Madam,

there is not a child in this hotel, and I am sorry to say that all those are ghosts."

There seems to be but one solution to this group haunting ; at some time several of the children must have fallen down the dangerous stairs and met their end too suddenly to realize or know that their earth life had suddenly been cut short, and so they continued to play as before, until some good angel comes to lead them away one by one, into the " Next Room." I should be much interested to know how long the children would have continued to play there had opportunity offered. Any such sudden accident would of course produce a very vivid thought-form ; and there is no reason why such powerful thought-forms should not be visible to people possessed of even ordinary psychic vision. It is a recognized fact that the most distinctly seen spirits are those of people who have died violent deaths ; it may be on the field of battle, or when the victim has been murdered, or when a suicide has taken place ; all such occasions call forth violent emotions (and who shall say they do not leave a lasting impression upon the ether of space) which, given the needful conditions, are liable to be re-enacted again and again.

This cannot, however, account for everything

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in connection with the world of spirits, since, in the case of recurring thought-forms, no new message or warning could be given to those who are in this world by those who have passed on. It would therefore appear to be necessary to make a very careful and even prayerful discrimination regarding spirit appearances. A thought-form might be dispelled or exorcised, even as any haunting thought can be dismissed (by its reversal) from the human mind, but no actual visitor from the other side who had a message to deliver, could very well be mistaken for a thought-form, which has reappeared for sometimes many centuries. The one is perhaps a mere moving picture stored in space and visible to sensitized vision, the other a friend or relative who has a definite message to deliver, or a question to reply to.

I will relate some instances which from time to time during my own life have seemed to me to be very conclusive messages from those who have passed on.

Before returning to India in 1921, an old friend and I were driving along the Brighton road beyond Reigate. It appeared to be a road full of memories of his youth, when, full of health and strength, he and his brother walked to Brighton, before the tropics and war had

shattered a fine constitution. It was a glorious early autumn day, and the last drive in our earth life, as he passed on in April 1923. Some little time after the passing of this friend, he seemed to be anxious to send a message, and as far as it is humanly possible to know, I received the message ; but according to a habit of my own, I always put the question, " How am I to know that it is you ? " Immediately the answer came, " Francis Thompson, vol. . . . page . . . "

This particular book was on a bookshelf downstairs ; so I noted the message, without in the least understanding what it referred to, and as it was late at night very soon fell asleep.

Next day I took down the book and was astonished to find not only a reference to that last drive along the Brighton road, but a verse marked in pencil in his own handwriting. Francis Thompson was his favourite poet, and I do not wish to infer that the passage had not been marked by my friend during his earth life, only I was until then ignorant of the fact.

On another occasion a husband and wife of my acquaintance had a serious misunderstanding, and lived as though they were strangers. One day the wife was looking at the photograph

of a dear old aunt who had lately passed on, and the kind old face seemed to be looking its loving sympathy and understanding ; so much so that her aid was invoked, and the message came through, " Yes, I will try and help you, dear ; but you must do your part."

No mention of this appeal to one who had left her earth life was made to anyone, but the next day the husband, who never entered his wife's room, came in and sat down in a chair by the window in silence.

It seemed to be an opportune time to find out whether he had received any message. " Have you been thinking at all of Aunt J. lately ? " his wife asked him. " Not particularly ; but for the last two days she seems to be giving me some message." " A message ? What about ? " " Nothing much, but it had to do with my own private affairs." This was indeed a test case and not to be passed over lightly, and so she asked, " Could you not repeat anything that she said ? " " Well one thing she said was : ' My own married life was so happy.' " This to the wife was all-convincing for she had over and over again heard Aunt J. make that remark during her lifetime. She invariably said, " I cannot understand you young people : my own married life was so happy."

After my father's death I took charge of his office and press, and managed the press and weekly newspaper of which he had been manager and proprietor. It was very hard and uphill work, but there were many to help and encourage me, foremost amongst these being that splendid man, William T. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, who always sent me an advance copy of the *Review*, which reached my office a week earlier than the English mail which brought it to the rest of India. Two other staunch friends and helpers were our leader writers, especially an elderly friend of my father's, whose name was Fenwick Walpole, an altogether brilliant writer who spared no pains to make the paper a success. This was in the early days of my newspaper life, and two and a half years later the paper and press were sold, and I learnt soon after, with sincere regret, of the passing of F. W.

Years afterwards I was asked to edit another paper in a frontier town, and as I started my work it all seemed very lonesome and forlorn without the old friends of my first experiences in a newspaper office. I always wrote the leader myself, and one day a rather technical subject was suggested as being suitable and topical for a leading article, but I admit that

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my knowledge of it was by no means as wide as I should have liked.

Involuntarily I said, half aloud, "How I wish my old friend, Mr. F. W., were alive now: he would help me." The reply that came through was so immediate, so direct, and so decided, that it almost startled me. "Alive or dead, I mean to help you still": and that this was no idle promise was conclusively proved when F. W. proceeded to direct me to open a certain box which contained papers and had not been unlocked for many years; yet the message was too clear to be ignored, and there, amongst many old-time papers, I came across a file copy of my father's paper, and looking eagerly through, found an article on the very subject I wanted which F. W. had himself written when he was our leader writer and kept such a helpful and watchful eye over the doings of my father's newspaper.

I have noted all the facts in connection with this message as it was such a surprise visit from my old friend that I have never forgotten the circumstances connected with it. As far as I can now remember, the subject about which I required information was Fruit Growing in Afghanistan!

This method of communication, through a

book or some printed matter, appears to be very conclusive and direct when adopted by those who have passed over as a medium for conveying a wish or a message, but it must surely be a book with which they were familiar during their earth life. I do not for an instant believe that people who have lived an ordinary earth life become cyclopædias of information as soon as ever they have gone into the Next Room or that they can be expected to prophesy or give scientific or technical information which was never theirs during their lifetime here. Surely this is where the action of what is called the Subliminal Self may be suspected, or failing that, information from some spirit who is at home with his subject. It is really distressing to find simple soldier boys being appealed to in the Séance Room as though the accident called "death" had converted them from straightforward ordinary British youths, into know-alls, possessed of knowledge which would give points to scientists or philosophers! Indeed in these days of wireless discoveries it should be as easy to tap the intelligence of the living as of the dead.

I have often noticed that phantoms are more clearly visible at times when the physical body is below par after some illness, or when the mind

is suffering from some intense anxiety or sorrow. A sister of mine was laid up in hospital at the same time as I was myself a patient in the next ward ; being run down as a result of overwork, my illness did not keep me indoors, and I often sat and talked with my sister, or with some of the convalescent patients in the wards. One morning my sister was discussing some business matters when I saw somebody looking in at the window, in such a natural and friendly manner that it was almost impossible to realize that he was my father, who had died nearly a year before ! I felt so surprised that I hardly noticed my sister's face, till she asked, " Why did you stop talking so suddenly ? " But before I had time to make any excuse, thinking the real reason might alarm her, she continued, " I know . . . Father . . . I saw him, too ! "

Neither of us felt the least bit afraid although greatly surprised. I often sat in the hospital verandah which overlooked a courtyard, across which a clothes-line was extended, and during visiting hours the patients' friends used to come through this courtyard into the verandah leading off from the wards. One day a visitor came who seemed very uncertain what direction to take, so I went up to him and asked if I could be of any assistance. He was a short man

dressed in a grey suit, and his eyes were deep set and a sort of stone-blue colour. I stood beside him when speaking, so was able to take notice of these small details ; but while I spoke he began to get dimmer, until he finally vanished before my very eyes, leaving me absolutely terrified at the weird experience. Yet, looking back upon the incident, it might well have been the thought-form of some living person, as the "ghost" which I imagined had come into the courtyard, to perhaps summon some soul into the land of spirits. These appearances of what one might call Hospital Ghosts are very often seen by both nurses and patients, and open up a field of research which is of the greatest importance, as it is surely reasonable to think that a weak physical body is more suitably keyed to receive impressions belonging to what is commonly supposed to be another plane.

It may, however, be one day discovered that many such appearances have no such claim, but are just moving pictures belonging to earth lives stored in space and conditionally visible. Another reason which points to this conclusion as regards hospital ghosts is that they have sometimes been seen simultaneously by several patients occupying a general ward.

Such a case was described to me by a nurse

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who was working in a well-known hospital in the Bombay Presidency. There was a patient in the general ward who had been given up by the doctors ; hers was a very lingering illness and her husband came daily to visit her. But much to the disgust of both nurses and patients, he seemed far more interested in a flirtation with a pretty probationer than in his sick wife, who looked pained and sad as she watched them laughing and talking together.

One day the screen was round the poor wife's bed and everyone knew that she had passed on. That night it was depressing to see only the empty bed ; but amazement took the place of this feeling when in the presence of every nurse on duty, and every patient in the ward to whom she had been familiar for so long, their fellow-patient who had been buried that day, came in and sat down on her vacant bed ! This happened not once but two or three times, and so alarmed and upset the inmates of the ward that a special service was held to exorcise the poor earth-bound spirit, who did not again return. How many thoughts and theories this story gives rise to.

Was this in deed and in truth an earth-bound soul under the spell, even after her passing, of human jealousy ? Was it a thought-form con-

jured up by the overstrung nerves of sick or hysterical patients? Did the solemn service held in this connection have more effect upon the minds of the living and calm their overwrought nerves into quietude? The time has not yet come when these questions can be answered with any definiteness or exactitude.

While on the very interesting subject of Hospital Ghosts, I may relate an experience told to me by a friend. She was lying ill in hospital in a bed which had railings all round it, so that she could not have got out of bed at all. An old lady in the next room was also placed in a railed bed of the same sort and a nurse was in constant attendance.

My friend called or rang for the nurse one night, but received no reply, as she had evidently gone to attend to some other patient and did not hear her; but much to her surprise the old lady from the next ward came into her room, and, standing beside her bedside, said very earnestly, "Leave this place at once: leave it to-morrow, or you will die too, as I have died!" The old lady then left the room, and almost immediately the nurse returned and heard with astonishment what had happened, as she knew that the old lady in the next room was far too ill to move, far less climb over a railed cot. Hurrying to her

side she found her lying dead, and nobody could dissuade my friend from acting upon the warning she had received ; so she left the hospital next day.

I may here mention a curious thing which happened in a big hospital in South India. Two nurses who were great friends used to share a bedroom, and every day one of the two friends used to find time to come up to her bedroom to rest for half an hour or so. On one occasion she came up, and without addressing a word to her companion, or even replying to her question as to why she had come up earlier than usual, she threw herself on the bed alongside of her friend and fell asleep. After the time was up, her friend woke her, so that she might not be late, and, getting up, she went up to the dressing-table, and tidied herself, but still did not speak ; and after putting her cap straight she went out of the room. A minute later she returned, and her friend said, " Hullo, what has brought you back so soon ? " " Back ? Why I was not here till now." " But you came and rested here for more than half an hour and only just left me. Come here and let me feel if you are real ? " This must have been a case of what is known as dual personality ; and yet there seems to be no actual reason for calling it by such a name, as it

was very possibly a materialized thought. So keenly did the tired girl think of the rest she needed in her friend's room, that the thought actually materialized, and became visible, being perhaps helped by her companion's thoughts, while awaiting and anticipating her coming. I have once seen two or three of my own family open the door and enter the room where I was, although they were actually many miles distant at the time.

On a plain just below our bungalow in S——, I distinctly saw a neighbour with one of his children coming towards our house ; he had a cane in one hand and was singing some popular air as he walked along ; so I called a servant and told him to ask the Sahib to sit down, and say that I would be out in a minute or so. But when I went out there was nobody there, and the servant said no Sahib had come. I heard later that he had been thinking of coming but had afterwards changed his mind, and sat down to a game of bridge. Does it mean that under certain conditions, which we have yet to find out, a person can become visible to others who are at a distance ?

There is a known method by which this can be consciously done ; and I have met at least one person who knows this method and has been

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seen by his friends who were living at a considerable distance, nor did he make any secret of the method when I asked him about it ; but it is not easy except to one who has made a habit of concentration, and I am inclined to believe that there is no such thing as what is miscalled "dual personality," but that in reality those who are seen by others at a distance have subconsciously happened upon the actual method, so that while actually performing one duty, their thoughts are all the while far more closely centred upon something entirely different ; and the result, even if unconsciously carried out according to known rules, produces a thought-form, fully capable of reproducing every action of the original. And who knows, there may be more in this as applied to Psychic Research than is at present understood ; and hence so many re-enactments of past scenes, even though those who were the principal actors have passed on.

A niece of mine who is a hospital nurse was on night duty one night, when all was still and her patient asleep, felt so overpowered by sleep that for a moment she succumbed and laid her head down on the table ; but no sooner had she closed her eyes when she heard her sister say quite clearly and distinctly, " Oh, M., how *could* you ! " She immediately sat up wide awake,

for her sister was hundreds of miles away, in England, at the time.

This same nurse had a very unpleasant experience when she went to sleep in a certain room in the hospital which was said to be haunted. She, however, had never heard the story attached to it and so felt neither anticipation nor fear, until she was disturbed by hearing the furniture being pulled about, and drawers being opened in the next room. She called out to the nurse who she thought had come off duty, but got no reply, so went to see why the noise was so insistent, and saw, to her surprise, that a padlock was on the door ! Even then she returned to the room and tried to rest, until she found that something was holding her down and pressing with force on her throat. There was nothing and nobody to be seen when the light was switched on, but she was obliged to go elsewhere to get her night's rest, and although she tried the room on another occasion when another nurse accompanied her, they were both so frightened as to have to rush outside long before morning.

A hospital nurse in my own family told me that while she was working in a certain hospital in India, she so often noticed that every patient who occupied a certain cot never recovered that

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it seemed to be almost uncanny. She was one night sitting beside a sick baby who occupied the cot when, suddenly, the child sat up and with a fascinated expression kept pointing towards some object which appeared to be moving about the ward, but which was quite invisible to the nurse. The child went on in such a peculiar way that at last the nurse picked her up and carried her outside into the passage. It was not the result of feverishness either, as the little girl was at that time almost convalescent. A few days later, just before this patient's discharge from hospital, she was well enough to run about, and when her nurse was going off duty one morning she walked beside her into the passage leading off the ward. Great indeed was the horror and surprise of the nurse, when she returned to night duty, to see the cot had been screened off because the little patient was dying ! It seems that the child awoke from sleep to see some object that had literally frightened her to death. She had uttered such prolonged and ceaseless screams that they had disturbed all the patients, and as a last and drastic measure the child had been given chloroform to try and induce forgetfulness ; but no sooner did she regain consciousness when she renewed her screams, shuddering as she recalled

a terrible "black cat with big green eyes." Thus another patient who was practically awaiting her discharge from hospital as cured, became a victim to some strange uncanny haunting.

There are, perhaps, few hospital nurses who could not relate strange and uncanny stories such as these, and I believe that they may be classified under the head of Unreal Ghosts belonging to the region of diseased and overstrung consciousness ; such as finds no rest or peace when surrounded by pain, anxiety, fever, and all the ills which form the Group Consciousness which is the outcome of hospital environment.

At one time when I was house hunting, I saw a very attractive advertisement under the heading of Houses to be Let, and lost no time in going to see the house. I found that the owner had lost her father and wished to have a change abroad if a suitable tenant could be found. The rent she required was absurdly low, and as I liked the house we soon came to terms, and I moved in the following week, and an old servant who had worked there arranged to cook and help. All went well for a short time, and then my children (who occupied the room in which, as I afterwards found, the exceedingly earth-bound old father of my landlady had died)

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began to be impelled by some strange influence to leave their beds, and without waking, walk down the passage and into my room every night. One night I heard the usual sound of bare feet in the passage ; so sat up and waited, but nobody came in although I heard the sound of footsteps ! I was just about to go and see if all was well, when I heard a voice call from the passage, " George, George ! " I switched on the light and looked down the passage, but there was nobody there, and in the next room my children were both lying fast asleep ; so I went to sleep quite satisfied that it might have been some voice from the street which had sounded nearer in the quiet of night.

Next morning, however, I mentioned the matter to the old servant. " Was there anybody by the name of George in this house ? " I began. " Yes, Ma'am, that was what the old man always called his daughter ; he used to stand in the passage and call to her down the stairs." " Not if you was to pay me a hundred pound would I stop here the night," was her remark after hearing my story.

We were just about to go upstairs to bed one night when I went to see if all the doors were safely locked. Suddenly both my girls and I heard a loud rapping on the floor overhead ; it

was so startling that we made sure some thief had got in, so we went out quietly and asked a neighbour to come and have a look round. Nothing was to be seen, and so we felt reassured and might have forgotten all about it except that the old servant exactly described the sound we had heard, and said, "When he was not able to get about, he used to sit in a chair and bang with his stick on the floor whenever he wanted anything."

After this I arranged to leave, and heard that the house lay vacant for years because of the strange stories about it.

My girls who were at that time very young went one week-end to stay with an aunt, who gave them a small spare room upstairs.

That night they got up in their sleep, and lifting a heavy piece of furniture placed it across the door. In the morning they had a hazy sort of remembrance such as one has of a half-remembered dream, but there was aunt knocking at the door, and trying to push it open while they tried hard to explain that there was something too heavy for them to move right across it! Of course she believed it to be some practical joke and was beginning to get quite angry by the time they had managed, by exerting themselves to the utmost, to move the heavy table

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enough to enable the irate old lady to enter. To the end of her life she could not be persuaded to believe that they had not done it on purpose, or out of mischief, although two servants found it quite difficult to lift !

There appears to be little doubt in this case that the same mysterious power which under certain conditions enables heavy pianos and dining-tables to move about a room, by what appears to be the mere touch or will-power of those holding hands and lightly touching them, had on this occasion enabled two half-asleep schoolgirls to lift a weight which took them all their strength to move an inch during their waking hours. I do not suggest that there was anything supernatural connected with this incident ; they had unconsciously happened upon the key to an unknown or rather little understood force, by which it may perhaps have been possible in ancient times to build with ease the Pyramids for all we know !

These half-asleep experiences are sometimes very weird and uncanny. A friend, who has had some most remarkable psychic experiences in India, told me that one afternoon he was resting and had almost fallen asleep when he saw the purdah move, and two men come in carrying a coffin, which they placed alongside his bed. It

was not closed, and an old lady who was a neighbour of his, stepped out of it, and said, "Get into this for a moment." But he refused point-blank to do anything of the sort, so she pleaded that he might just put his foot into it to please her : this too he declined to do ; and so she returned to it, and was carried out just as he heard his wife's voice calling to him to come at once. He hurriedly went out to see what she wanted, when she said, "Such a sad thing has happened : our neighbour, poor old Mrs. X., has died suddenly." This friend being well versed in all occult matters, I ventured to ask him what he thought of the experience, and what would have happened had he complied with her strange request. "Well had I done so I should have died in her stead, but," he added, "I knew how to protect myself."

This same friend was asked to look at an empty house in Calcutta before renting it for an old lady who thought it might suit her. He went there one Sunday afternoon and called several times to the *chowkidar*, or caretaker, to let him in ; but the premises appeared to be quite deserted, and he was just about to leave, when he noticed that the front door was open ; so he went in and looked through the rooms on the ground floor, and afterwards went upstairs,

which also lay empty, but no words could express his astonishment when, on opening one of the doors, he saw a man dressed in scarlet from head to foot dancing in the centre of the room ! Still greater was his astonishment when the man, who was an Indian, turned and faced him, calling him by his full name, in perfect English, said, " I have been waiting for you." He then directed him to come to a certain place that evening, to attend a meeting, and left my friend feeling very mystified : but his curiosity was awakened ; and so he went to the place, and there met again his strange dancer of the scarlet robes, who was now dressed in white. Several others were present, and they received some very remarkable teaching that evening.

While living in Mount Abu, I heard many rumours about some wonderful woman called the Maji. She could make herself invisible, and lived upon milk only ; her home being in a lonely cave on some mountain top, but nobody seemed to know where, or if they did would not say. I determined to try and find out. One day I was hurrying home from the post office, having taken up a bet that the distance could be covered within a given time ; but as I came within sight of our house, I saw an old woman who was very poorly dressed and had a number

of beads, such as are usually worn by the holy men of India, around her neck. Immediate conviction came to me that she could direct me to the Maji : I forgot all about the bet, and, going up to her said, " Do you come from the Maji ? " She replied, without a moment's surprise or hesitation, " Yes, I have just come from her." " Can you take me to her ? " " Yes, I can take you there to-morrow." I then pointed out our house, and said I should be ready at a given time the following morning, and we parted.

Naturally I had to put up with a good deal of amusement about the time I had taken over my bet when I got back, so I had nothing to say by way of excuse. Next morning the old woman came and took me for some little distance along the road which winds round the Naki Lake, before she began to climb up a small foot-path leading to the top of the hill. It was a steep and trying climb, but at last we came to a huge boulder, which was hollow inside and did duty as a dwelling-place ; here my guide paused before a low doorway, and before I was at all prepared for anything unusual, I saw, seated in the centre of the cave, the most unexpected and weird sight in the world, for there sat a woman as fair as the fairest European, whose long,

flowing, flaming red hair, almost touched the floor, and wrapped her round like a shawl ! She raised her eyes just for an instant when my guide announced me, and then looked steadily at her book, and began to read in a low tone, but not before I had recognized that, instead of being the least bit pleased to see me, she was absolutely furious at my presence ! I sat there in speechless silence, a silence which could sense the Maji's absolute hatred. What could be the reason of it ? Had we been bitter enemies in some previous incarnation ? If so, the best course to adopt would be to send out calm and peaceful thoughts to her. This I did, and there the three of us sat in silence, but for the loud purring of several cats which shared her home. After a while she beckoned to my guide and handed her a flower to give me. I thanked her for it, and since it did not promise to be a very satisfactory visit, soon took my departure. " Did you notice," asked my guide, " how very unfriendly the Maji was towards you at first, but all is well now for she has given you a flower as a mark of her friendship."

I had taken my Brownie to snapshot the Maji, but she flatly refused to be snapped, so I had to be content with a picture of her quaint hut with my guide seated at the door. Who or



1. HOUSE ON THE LONELY TOP OF A HILL WHERE THE STRANGE
MAJI WITH FLAMING RED HAIR, WHICH FELL TO HER FEET,
LIVED WITH HER CATS

2. OUR CAMP KITCHEN IN THE LONELY MOR RANGI OF
BALUCHISTAN

what was the mysterious Maji? I have never seen any other woman fakir of India the least bit like her, and often wonder if I ever shall. It is true that the people regarded her as a most holy woman, but is it possible that she was a German spy? This strange meeting took place the same year that the *Titanic* went down.

Speaking of the *Titanic* cannot fail to bring back memories of that great and good man William T. Stead, who was a friend of mine, as he was an inspiration to the whole journalistic world of his day, and the champion of many a forlorn cause. I met Mr. Stead in his well-known office in Mowbray House very soon after placing some manuscript. He knew about my work, and almost his first question was, "Well, and have you found a Publisher?" I replied that John Murray had accepted the book, and his face lit up with genuinely pleased surprise. "John Murray. Let me congratulate you!" Although a friend in a literary sense, just as he was to many a young writer who needed help or encouragement, I saw very little of him and knew nothing at all of his life outside of his books, his office, or what he wrote. I knew that he was deeply interested in psychic research, and that the whole world was more or less interested in *The Letters of Julia*. I did not know

where the meetings were held, or even where his own home was. But as soon as the terrible news of the sinking of the *Titanic* reached Mount Abu, where I was staying at that time, I felt that I should like to be the first to send an appreciation of William Stead to the Press, and lost no time in doing so. A day or two after its publication I was busy with some domestic duty, when a distinct message came through, "Thank you. That was a very kind appreciation you wrote about me in the *Pioneer*." According to my usual habit, I immediately asked, "How am I to know that it is you?" To this the reply came, "Wimbledon Common," followed by a date.

The reply and date conveyed nothing whatever to me, nor did I know before the publication of *Stead the Man*, that Wimbledon Common was even remotely connected with his life. This book was sent me from England, and before undoing the wrapper I went to my husband and said, "I wish you to note that this book has just arrived, and is unopened, because I have a sort of feeling that there may be something in it which may throw some light upon Mr. Stead's message, which I got soon after the *Titanic* went down." He looked carefully at the package, and I then cut the string and began to read

the book. Almost one of the first things I saw was the mention of Wimbledon Common. I sent the date to his daughter soon after getting the message, thinking she might be able to trace what it referred to, but, so far, I have heard nothing further about that portion of the message.

That it was a genuine message I have never doubted, for it seemed to bring with it the very tones of the sender's voice, and his ringing, hearty way of expression.

Strangely enough a message that has come to me more than once since the *Titanic* disaster has been, "W. Stead did NOT drown: but was carried on an iceberg to some distant island." About this, "The wish may be father to the thought."

At one time I spent several hours every day taking down folk-tales which the simple folk in Simla used to sit and relate to me. Among these was a woman whose name was Chulni, and who never kept very good health. When I was about to leave Simla one spring to make a voyage to England, I went to say good-bye to some of the Indian women I knew in Boileauginj, Simla, and among these was Chulni who, when I told her that I was going away, wept bitterly, and said, "I will never see you again in this

world." I tried to cheer her up, and laugh at her fears, but the poor little soul refused to be comforted. That winter I went to the Hartz Mountains, and used to spend many hours correcting the proofs of stories told to me by hill folk in Simla, Chulni being one of them. There was a window at the head of my bed which remained open all night, and, one night, as I lay awake, I felt a rushing sound past my bed, and from it a voice calling in a long-drawn, sighing, terribly sad tone, which will haunt me all my life, "Memsahib, Memsahib." I felt at once that one of my Indian friends had passed on, and could not shake off the feeling of depression which I mentioned to the other inmates of the house next day, who were (with the sole exception of one other Englishwoman who had never been to India), all Germans who had never travelled out of Europe; so that it seemed very evident that the cry had been meant for me. This happened early in December; and on about the 21st or 22nd of that month, I left for England; but not before I had written to Simla to enquire how Chulni was. The reply came to me in London, and said, "You will be surprised and sorry to hear that Chulni is dead. I do not know the exact date, but it was some time during December."

On my return to India I made further enquiries from my old and faithful friend and *ayah*, Ganashu, who knew Chulni, and lived in the same locality. She confirmed the news of her death during December, and said, "On that day she came to me, and we sat together for a long time talking of you ; and then she said, 'When the Memsahib returns give her many salaams from me.' After a while she said, 'I am tired now,' and she laid down and did not wake again." Is it not said in the *Gita* that upon whomsoever one thinks at the hour of dissolution, unto him shall one go ? It is not however, only at the hour of dissolution, for thought, which is consciously directed at the hour of sleep, very often goes to the one to whom it is sent, and not alone to those in this world but to those in the next.

India's wonder-workers, her astrologers, Jotishis, Yogis and Lamas deserve a very special chapter, and my one regret is that I have learnt so little about them, the difficulty being to discover which are the false, and which the true, amongst the hundreds of such men who cross one's path in this wonderful land. It was during a visit to Bombay that I met Z., an astrologer, who told me, by the stars, and also by palmistry, about the future.

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It was in December, and as he proceeded to note down what the chief events during the coming year would be, he suddenly paused, and said, "There will be a death of a near relative during the month of February." Then he appeared to see something with horrible vividness, and covering his eyes with both hands, added, "Oh, I hope it is not your husband."

I felt no corresponding fear ; and knew in my own mind that no such danger threatened my husband, and so had no hesitation in saying that he must be mistaken. Soon afterwards I left Bombay on a visit to a brother at Ujjain. We were just sitting to tea one afternoon in February when a telegram came to say that my husband's brother had died suddenly. The town where he lived was not very far, so I made haste to catch the next train, and when I arrived at the house of mourning a friend asked me if I would take a last look at poor H., who had been so suddenly and unexpectedly cut off. As she removed the handkerchief from his face, I almost fainted to see the face of my husband, whom his brother so strongly resembled in his last sleep as to be almost uncanny, for there was little likeness between the two brothers in life.

There was little doubt that this was what the Indian astrologer had seen when he foretold the

death of poor H. And all through that night I was awake to hear his familiar voice say, repeatedly, "What is all this fuss about? I'm not DEAD."

How difficult it must be in the case of sudden and unexpected passing from the body to make certain souls understand such a transition has actually taken place. In Thibet they have a special service for the purpose, when the name of him who has passed on is reflected into a small brass divination mirror on the fifth day after death; and to it is added—"X., you are now no longer in the flesh. Depart in peace into the land of spirits." A quaint story was told me in this connection by a lama.

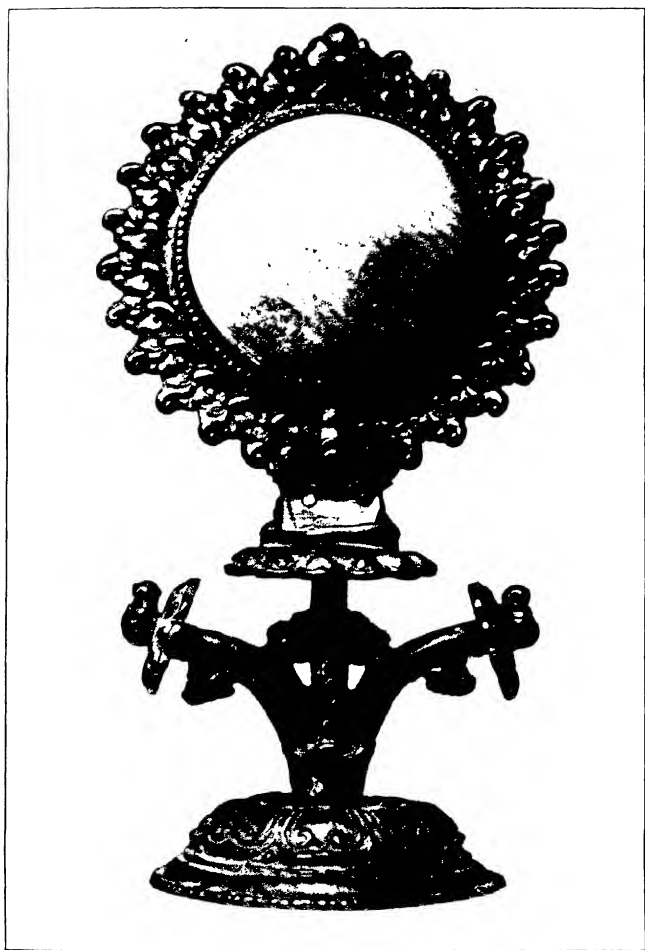
"When a soul has passed out of its body," he said, "the spirit cannot realize what has happened, so he goes to a stream and looks into the water to see his reflection; but sees none, since a spirit cannot be reflected like a body. So he goes where there is sand, and walks on it, but his feet leave no impression: then he begins to think to himself, 'I must surely be dead.' Yet he cannot know this as a certainty until he visits the Gompa, or temple, upon the fifth day, and witnesses the ceremony and sees his own name in the mirror."

It was with some difficulty that I found one

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of these mirrors, and was allowed to purchase it. It is made of highly polished brass surrounded by sacred symbols, and is both quaint and beautiful.

There is a great difference between the various schools of Yoga, such as the Rajah Yoga, the Gyani Yoga, and the Hatha Yoga, and what is known as the study and practice of Jyotishi. The former spend much of their lives in meditation ; but the latter are consulted daily upon all sorts of matters, such as recovery from illness, the finding of lost articles, and various events taking place at a distance. Yet they are not clairvoyant in the sense that we understand in Europe. Sometimes a Jyotishi will, upon being asked a question, just take a few deep breaths and reply to it at once ; sometimes he will make mystic signs and figures upon a piece of paper, or else he will take out a book on which are pictures of birds, beasts, flowers, or fishes, and ask his enquirer to select and place a finger upon one of the symbols ; or he will repeat certain words and the names of stars. Yet by one or other of these methods he appears to arrive at what is very often a very wonderful statement of fact. Such as for instance, on being told of the severe illness of an Indian boy in a distant town, I have heard a Jyotishi say, “ his life is



DIVINING MIRROR OF THIBET

being fought for by evil powers which wish him to die, but in the end the good will prevail and the boy will recover." Or else, "This dog is very ill indeed, and will continue ill all day to-morrow; but on the day after it will begin to recover, and will get well." In both instances the old man's words came literally to pass. The most wonderful instance of all within my own experience, took place when a favourite and beloved dog who was my constant companion and friend was lost in camp. She had chased a deer and lost her way that morning, and had not returned late that evening, so that there was every reason to fear that some wild animal might find and devour her during the night. I went along the dark lonely road for many miles calling to her; until at length I arrived at a traveller's bungalow, where I spent a restless and very miserable night, listening to the rain and wondering where my poor dog was spending the night. At dawn I heard footsteps passing my window, and called to ask who was there. It turned out to be one of our trolley men, a poor villager, who very respectfully made a salaam, and said, "I am only a poor ignorant man, but if the protector of the poor will deign to come to a man whom I know, he will say where the dog is." I decided to go at

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once, and was soon driving towards the small dirty bazaar in the city, where we arrived just as the sun rose.

The *tonga* stopped before a humble-looking house, and going into the doorway, was a tall figure, dressed in a long green robe which almost touched his feet. Kulloo and I followed, and found the man had seated himself upon a mat spread on the floor. There was nothing else in the room, and, beckoning to me, the man asked me to be seated on the mat.

He then opened a book on one page of which were pictures of fish, birds, flowers, etc. He asked me to place my finger on one of these small pictures, and, as far as I now remember, I placed it upon a bird.

“ You have come to me about something that is lost. It is a dog. The dog is not dead but is in great distress of mind. Return by the same road that you have come ; and at exactly four o’clock to-day, you will get news of the lost dog, and just as the sun is dipping at sunset, she will be restored to you.” There was nothing hesitating about this statement, and he told me that he was quite sure of his facts. I thanked him and asked what fee was due ; but he said, “ I take, no matter what fee is offered to me, from rich and poor alike, only 8 annas” (eight

pence), and although I pressed him to accept more he refused, so we wished him good-bye, and after taking a very hasty cup of tea at the traveller's bungalow I began my return journey.

It was a warm sultry day, and we seemed to make but slow progress in the little hired *tonga*, which was the only available means of conveyance. At last, just as we were nearing camp, I saw a man running across a field towards us. He was holding up his right hand to attract our attention, and as he approached, I asked the driver what time it was. Glancing at the sun, he replied, "About four o'clock." By this time the man came up to us, and asked if we had lost a dog. "Yes, yes," I replied. "What is the dog like? Have you seen it? Where is it? Take me to it at once, and I will give you 10 rupees." His replies proved that he had indeed found my beautiful lost setter, and I hurried along the roughly ploughed fields after the man, accompanied by Kulloo. Soon we came to the dry river-bed, and in the distance, seated under a tree, upon which several vultures were perched, was my poor dog, who had kept a faithful and unwearied watch since the day before, at the place where she had first left her master to chase the deer; and hoping against hope that somebody would come to her, for our

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camp was in an unfamiliar place which she did not know.

The meeting between us was a very joyous one, and it took place as the old Jotishi had foretold, just as the sun was setting.

Another experience of the same sort took place at Allahabad, a well-known Hindu centre, where many expert astrologers and Jyotishis are to be found. I had sent a cable to a sister in England asking her to bring out my two daughters, having just heard that she was about to return to India. There had been no time for letters, so I did not know whether she had been able to arrange to bring them or not, or whether I should go to meet the boat at Bombay. I was advised to consult a certain well-known Yogi, and found his house after a long search in what appeared to be a labyrinth of narrow lanes, in the Indian part of the city. The seer was a tall young man, who, before I could ask him any questions took out his watch, and after glancing at the time, said, "Please do not tell me what you have come to ask me. I will tell you." So I waited quietly, wondering what he would say. "You have come to me about something connected with water: There are some young people with a relative coming to India on a ship." "Are you quite sure?" I asked. "I

am very anxious to know whether I should go to Bombay or not to meet that ship."

"You may go with certainty, for you will meet those you wish to meet." Here again payment was politely but firmly declined, and it was on this seer's advice alone that I went to meet the boat, not actually certain until I received a wireless that my girls were on board. Now it may be thought that clairvoyant vision alone revealed the facts to this seer ; but I am told that there is a method in use in India by which the hour reveals whether a matter is connected with Earth, Air, Fire, or Water, each being connected with its own particular hour. In the matter of a question an Indian seer invariably consults the time when it was asked.

An aunt of mine spent a great part of her life in Canada ; and while living there in her old age, she went one day with her daughter-in-law to see a well-known medium, as the latter, who had recently lost a sister, hoped in this way to get some message from the Other Side. Soon the medium, who was in a trance, called "Annie," and as this was the name of the dead sister, a message from her was eagerly awaited.

The medium, however, instead of giving the sister's message, said, " No, no. I want Annie M." ; and this being my aunt's name, she went

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forward in great surprise, since she had not gone to the séance with any idea of getting a message herself. As soon as she came within easy distance, my mother's voice spoke to her, and asked how she was, and gave her name. They spoke together for a few moments, and then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, an Indian's voice began to address my aunt in Hindustani, and said, "Salaam Memsahib. Do you remember Bunsî, who used to be in Simla with the Burrah Memsahib when you visited her?" Aunt Annie had not visited Simla for about forty years, and had not only forgotten the servants of those long ago days, and their names, but also recalled her knowledge of Bunsî's Hindustani talk with difficulty; so she told him she remembered her visit to the Burrah Memsahib in Simla. He told her he had been a servant in Simla then, and was still with his former mistress. On this my aunt decided to find out all about Bunsî by making enquiries out here; and I who had known this old servant when I was a child, was able to verify what he had stated. How seldom it is realized that there is no reason why we should not find our old and faithful Indian servants awaiting us. Bunsî was not a Christian, and therefore some Christians might conclude that he was (being a

“heathen”) unlikely to be still the faithful servant of a Christian employer, or to find a place in the Christian’s “heaven.”

Personally I should hate to think of any spirit world where there would be neither my faithful Indian friends and servants, nor my beloved dogs ; and yet it is more than probable that those who have disliked both Indian associations and dogs in their earth life, will not have changed the attitude of their minds towards them.

In the world, however, they have known only the material or animal-natured dog, and maybe have not troubled to look deeper and see its unselfish love and devotion, constituting its inner or spiritual self. It is comforting also to think that possibly the same groups of humans and animals who formed the associations of our earth life, will be grouped together with ourselves in the after-life, and perhaps reincarnate with us when we return. As to dislikes, it may be less difficult to overcome these in spirit than in material life, and our spirit lives are most probably schools of progression rather than of retrogression.

Elias, according to Scripture, returned after his spiritual probation to “prepare the way” for the Master. He had evidently preserved his

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human identity sufficiently clearly to be recognized as Elias when he came back to his earth life. We do not read that anybody, including the Master Himself, disputed the fact of his return. Surely the words, "Elias is come already, and THEY KNEW HIM NOT, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed," are not without deep significance? And that they refer to suffering, may surely be taken for granted, when the Master adds, "Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them." "Then the disciples understood that he spoke unto them of JOHN THE BAPTIST."

This is a digression, and yet an important one, in connection with the all-absorbing subject of the passing of individuals to the spirit world, and their return, not always as spirits, but to resume their former bodily life, with all its former activities.

Few indeed have attained to such a high degree of spirituality as not to require to return to the school of Life, if only to undo those wrongs which they have knowingly done to others.

As regards direct communications, without the means of a medium, a trumpet, a table, a planchette, a *ouija* board, or anything usually called into use, there appears to be no actual

reason why certain persons should not be able to get messages without using any of these.

A brother of mine, in fact both my brothers, had a school pal of whom they were very fond ; and long after leaving school, they kept up the friendship. This friend was particularly fond of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and just to tease him, my younger brother pretended that he saw nothing to admire so particularly in them ; and it was a matter of frequent and friendly argument between them. This old friend retired in England, while both my brothers had not yet done so. One morning both brothers, one in Karachi, and the other at Rawalpindi, had pretty much the same experience ; neither could get their old school friend out of his head all day long.

They kept on recalling episodes in their school life, and my younger brother in particular kept singing or whistling snatches from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas the whole morning. Neither was aware that day of the passing of their old school pal who had died of pneumonia in England and brought himself to their thoughts in old and familiar ways.

These impressions seem to be most vivid at the immediate time of passing on, but I can

remember a very distinct message being sent me by a dear sister, many years after her death, when a most unkind imputation had been made against her. I felt I should give worlds to find some documentary evidence which would clear these wicked insinuations, and it was then that my sister came to her own and my assistance, persistently directing me to open a certain box of old letters. It was not a search for which I felt at all inclined, as I did not know what the letters contained, and they had been left undisturbed for long years; yet her persistent pleading prevailed at last, and as I sat down to my task, I asked, "How am I to know that it is you?" Immediately the reply came, "What date is to-day?" I had not given any particular attention to the date, and did not remember it, so got up and consulted a calendar, and there to my surprise I saw that it was November 17th, my sister's birthday. Did she feel hurt that I had forgotten? How ashamed it made me feel that she had had to remind me, and yet surely the date had established her identity.

Opening the old packets of letters written so long ago to me by my "dead" sister, I came across one which completely vindicated her from all blame in the matter which one whom

she had thought a " friend " had tried to use against her !

A cousin of ours had a sweet and loving habit of placing flowers on the photograph of any loved one who had passed on, and would we not do well to follow her example rather than risk causing hurt to our dear ones in the Next Room through our forgetfulness ? Each little anniversary should still be cherished and lovingly shared and remembered. Thoughts will help us to keep in touch quite as well as any other method. If friends who are living are able to sense each other's thoughts, or even to dream in unison the same dreams why need we imagine that the super-sensitive spiritualized one is less capable ?

Each year and each day is, thank God, throwing more and more light upon these matters.

It is said that if a person is asked to state a colour connected with the figure One, the answer invariably is " White " ; and if asked to state a numeral connected with White, the reply given is One. However this may be, the colour rose, in a vivid and rather aggressive shade, has played a strange part in my life. I was at one time on a visit to Darjeeling, and staying at an hotel. While there I had a very strange dream. In it my mother asked me to

draped everything in the house in bright rose. I objected to the colour of her selection, but since she insisted, I carried out her wishes. On awaking from this dream, I remembered every detail of it very distinctly and clearly, but it somehow left me feeling terribly depressed and sad ; so much so, that I could not get to sleep again, and was attracted by the behaviour of my favourite dog, who always slept in the same room as myself. On this occasion she too was awake, and eagerly watching something which I could sense, but was unable to see. The dog kept following somebody all round the room in a most uncanny manner, and I somehow felt that all was not well with my mother, and yet tried to dismiss the thought, as, naturally, my dream had made me think of her. Next morning I got up feeling terribly depressed, and with a fixed idea that some bad news was on its way. On going down to breakfast I mentioned this to a friend, who put it down to " indigestion," and laughed away my forebodings ; so that I forgot all about the night, and went out to the shops to buy some material for curtains, as we were moving into a house we had rented for the season. At the shop there was a remnant just the correct length for a window-blind ; but I objected to the colour, which was bright rose.

This, however, the salesman explained to me, could hardly be noticed when the muslin was unfolded, and used singly, and besides, it was a colour that fades almost to white ; so I decided to buy it, and going over to the bungalow we had rented, I measured a length for a window-blind, and began to sew it. While thus occupied a telegram was handed me to say that my mother was dead. Was it all coincidence about the colour being in some weird manner connected with her passing ? About a year or so later, I met a sister whom I had not seen since my mother's death ; we began to speak about things connected with her passing, and I happened to mention the dream about rose pink. My sister was most interested, and said, " How strange that you should have had that dream, because soon after mother's death, a small rose-pink pillow was sent to me, together with several other things which had belonged to her. One day I had a severe headache and faceache, and felt that a small soft pillow placed against my face would be a comfort ; so I called one of my girls, and asked her to take out mother's soft little rose-pink pillow for me. I had no sooner placed it under my cheek, when someone sat down quite heavily beside me. I looked up to see who it was, but nobody was in the

room. I thought it must be imagination, but could not get rid of the feeling that it was mother, and that she was somehow vexed with me for using the pillow. So acute did this conviction become, that I could endure it no longer, and called to someone to take the pillow away, and lock it up again. After this I had some peace ; but later, when I mentioned the matter to A., who was with mother to the end, she began to weep, and told me that poor mother had held that little rose-coloured pillow to the last, and then they had removed it from her hands, which were still clasping it !” Surely circumstances such as these cannot be passed by unnoticed ? To my thinking my mother had in some way conveyed to me the colour nearest to her at her passing, and incidentally, a colour of which during her earth life she was very fond ; also, it was not unlike her to still feel the attractions she had felt for some of the apparently small matters of life, the exclusive use of a favourite pillow being one.

Indeed there are many psychics who strongly object to use hotel pillows, or in fact, any other than their own ; and the reason is, that they cannot get rid of other people’s thought-forms. Personally I always feel as particular about such a matter as my mother : I would not for

worlds use certain people's pillows ! Be they of the finest and most delicate linen or silk, they have nevertheless a peculiar trick of holding their owners' thoughts and dreams. And not only pillows, as any psychologist knows ; I have sat in the firelight on a winter's evening and described people and places I have never known just by holding their letters to my forehead, to amuse and interest a friend who wished to know whether I could read true, yet I have seldom made a practice of this or wished to become a medium, or psychologist, for the simple reason that one never knows where such things lead, or whether they are really worth while as compared with the larger issues of life. One thing is certain : far more of real worth comes to one in daily meditation at about 4 A.M. than in other ways, and such meditation must be centred fixedly upon the Infinite, His attributes, or our own Master Jesus the Christ, for " He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

DREAMS

DREAMS have always had a special interest for me. When we were children, I can still hear my mother telling us that we would be late for breakfast if we did not stop telling each other our dreams and begin to dress ; and when we were grown up it was just the same. We always had long and interesting dreams to relate when we got up in the mornings ; and it struck us as being a strange and unnatural thing when, later in life, we discovered that comparatively few people can remember their dreams ! In our own family we have dreams of various kinds : some appear to be merely ridiculous or exaggerated repetitions of things done, or seen, or read, or heard of during the daytime, and we took great delight in tracing their origin, and used to laugh in chorus, and say, " That's because you saw So-and-so," etc., but there were other dreams which we instinctively felt " meant something," and in these we were not mistaken. This was in no sense the dream-book version, such as, " If you dream of a postman you may expect to

receive a letter." No, our dreams were quite different ; and since I have not, so far, come across any book of dreams quite like them, they may throw some light upon this very interesting branch of research. When I was quite a young girl a favourite uncle of ours met with an accident, and hurt his head. He lay unconscious for days together, and as he appeared to be getting worse rather than better, a hospital nurse was engaged, and since we were pressed for room the doctor's wife very kindly offered to let me sleep in her guest-room at night. It was a very large, rather cheerless room at the end of a long passage ; and I felt nervous to sleep there all by myself, more especially as I was one of a large and very cheery family. Yet the quiet room afforded a good opportunity for undisturbed prayer, and I used to pray very earnestly for the recovery of this uncle, who from our earliest childhood used to endear himself to us by his lovely stories of China, Australia, and all the wonderful places he had been to in his earlier days as a sailor ; and his story of being shipwrecked interested us more than all the rest, so that it was not at all to be wondered at that I fell asleep to dream of the sea ; but what a vivid and wonderful dream it was ! In it I saw a most beautiful sailing ship in full sail

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on a fairly quiet sea ; and watched her coming slowly towards the land, until even as a mere child, I seemed to realize the danger of approaching so close to the shore where the water was shallow. Yet she sailed steadily shorewards until what I anticipated happened, and the fine ship lay beached and turned over on one side helpless. Next morning was the first occasion in my life that I remember hearing The Voice ; and it said very distinctly and clearly, " That ship was Uncle P. ; he will not die but will be beached for life ! " How delighted I was just to know that he would not die. I kept my dream and its meaning to myself, but felt comforted. That evening, however, I heard the doctor say to his wife that he would just run across to see uncle ; and he added, rather sadly, " I do not think he will live through the night ! " So convinced was I that he would not die that I forgot myself, and said, " Oh ! no. Uncle is not going to die ! " My remark was so wholly unexpected that both the doctor and his wife looked at me, and he said, " What a strange child ! " As soon as he had gone his wife called me and asked what had made me say that to her husband ! " How could you know better than a doctor," she added. There seemed to be no reason that I could give ; and I was too shy

to speak of my dream to a stranger, so I took what she meant as a reproof, but was still unshaken in my conviction. Next day I went to visit my sick uncle and spoke to him, though he had not recognized anyone for three weeks. He opened his eyes, and some sort of recognition of the children, and of myself as a small child, seemed to return ; for he said, very quietly and distinctly, " Geen Baba " ! Yes, the child, in her little green frock, had brought back consciousness ; and he lived for many years afterwards, but never regained his former ability as a worker, so that his fine strong manhood was literally beached while in full sail upon the sea of Life, and the dream had come true.

So vivid is the recollection of that dream even to this day that I could make a sketch of it from memory.

Later in life I was on my return voyage from England, and sharing a cabin with another girl. We had almost reached Bombay, and I was to be married as soon as we landed. Soon the distant lights of the harbour came in sight, and the captain announced that we could not go ashore before morning ; so we anchored for the night right outside the harbour. My cabin companion and I sat talking and looking at the distant lights of Bombay until quite a late hour.

"I wonder what is waiting for me behind those lights," she said; "it is different for you because you know your future."

I told her that something good must be waiting for her too, and that I felt quite sure of it; and then we said "Good night," and went to bed.

In the early hours of the morning, before it was light, I was awakened by somebody shaking me: "Goody-goody, get up: Whatever is the matter with you? You are sobbing so terribly in your sleep that I cannot stand it any longer."

It was then that a dream I had had came back to me in its minutest details; and I told it to my cabin companion, adding, as I finished relating it, "and now I know that I shall not be married to-morrow; nor shall I ever be married to X." "What nonsense are you talking: you know that dreams always go by contraries." She laughed, and although the vivid impression of a dream which clearly pointed out that some woman had come between my fiancé and myself still persisted in my memory, I did not refer to it in the morning when we met our friends. I can only add that no wedding took place that day, and that my dream proved to be true in every detail, much to my own thankfulness in after years.

Prophetic dreams, in our family at least, seem to leave little to the imagination, so vivid and so true in every detail are they. The extraordinary fact about such dreams is that they cannot be reflected by the mind of any other dreamer, or be the result of telepathy, as they usually foretell some quite unlooked-for and unexpected event, and it may therefore be quite reasonably concluded that such dreams may be classed under the head of "Being warned of God in a dream." And why not? Is it presumption to believe that a loving Father who sees even a sparrow fall, is in no way interested in His children's affairs? Could any true religion teach such a doctrine of indifference? Yet I have heard it said, without any hesitation, "Oh, God knows nothing about it." Personally I like to think that nothing concerning His children escapes the Divine Consciousness of the Universal Father; not even the necessity for a warning dream, so as to prepare the way and make the sorrow or surprise fall less heavily than it would otherwise fall. Why then, it may be asked, should it fall at all? Why should it not be averted? The answer appears to be in the sentence, "Joseph being warned of God in a DREAM." How many things might have happened to avert the flight into Egypt. How

easily Herod himself might have been removed. And so one may afford to smile at the superiority that says, "Dreams are silly things. I never dream."

Very soon after this memorable landing in India I had another strangely prophetic dream. In the first part of it my father was standing beside me upon a high mountain and pointing out all his property, and seemed to be making over charge of things belonging to him.

In the second part of the dream I was alone, climbing up a very steep and difficult hill, with a heavy burden on my shoulders, while in the distance I could hear my mother's voice saying, "Don't give in ; try to climb a little further." This dream left such a painful and depressing impression that I confided it to a friend, who advised that if I could not shake off the feeling that something was amiss with one or other of my parents, I should lose no time in going to them. I followed her advice, and as both my parents were in Simla at the time, my father having recently purchased a press and newspaper of which he was the editor, I left Bombay and was soon with my parents, who were both in most excellent health and good spirits, preparing for the marriage of one of my sisters. This was the last week in May, and the wedding

was fixed for the middle of June ; but before it took place my father was taken seriously ill, too ill in fact to be present at the ceremony, and on the 26th of June he passed on.

Thus it came to pass that my dream was almost literally fulfilled, for the entire management of all my father's affairs and running the newspaper fell like a heavy burden upon my shoulders. Often during the two years and more that I climbed up the Hill Difficulty did I recall my dream when my mother said, " Don't give in ; I know it is difficult, but what will happen if you give in."

As my position in my father's office involved the handling of large sums of money, for which I was solely and wholly responsible, I often felt anxious about accounts being correctly kept, and used even to dream about them and wonder whether I was keeping all the entries in his day-book correctly.

One night I was sitting in the little office, when I saw my father looking in at the window. I beckoned to him to come in, and he came and sat down in a chair facing the one which was his during his earth life ; so I got up and offered him his old place, but he remained where he was and asked me to pass him the day-book. Carefully turning over each page he came to the

date of his death, where it was written, " Office Closed." He seemed to pause so long looking at the entry that I said, in an apologetic way, " We thought that you were not coming back ; but now you will stay, won't you ? " " No, I can't stay, child," he said ; " I have to go back, but the day-book is quite correct, though not as tidy as it was in my time." This took a load off my mind, and I think I said so, and then asked, " Are you quite happy where you are ? " " Yes, child, quite happy," and saying this he got up and went out of the office (now the building occupied by Thos. Cook & Sons in Simla), and I woke up to find that my father's visit was only a dream, yet never again did I feel the slightest anxiety about accounts, and all went well in the office and press.

While, with one exception which I have already mentioned, I did not see my father with my physical eyes, it was different with my sister, who had been married a few days before his passing, and by whom he was constantly seen. She used to hear somebody walking in the passage outside her room, and see him distinctly, in broad daylight, walking up and down with his hands behind his back, as he used to do when in deep thought.

Yet, when she called to her husband to come

and watch him pacing up and down the passage, he was never visible to him. This too appears to be a curious fact. Why was my father visible to my sister and invisible to her husband ? Why was the woman who returned to her accustomed place in the hospital ward (already mentioned in this book) seen by every nurse and patient in the ward ? The reason seems to lie in the fact that they were all perhaps physically under-keyed, a condition which doubtless lends itself to seeing persons and things belonging to other planes. My sister was not anything like as well or strong as her husband. Nor does it always follow that only delicate, sick or neurotic people see visions of those who have passed on ; for others who are strong and healthy have had the same experiences. My own experience has been, that whenever I confine myself to a strictly vegetarian diet, I immediately lower my physical body into a condition in which I am keyed to receive such impressions. It is not without very great reason, for instance, that the prayer WITH FASTING brings about what the prayer WITHOUT FASTING (that is, in its literal sense of abstaining from meats or animal flesh) does not, for " this sort cometh not save by prayer AND FASTING." It seems to be quite a simple matter that if fuel with animal food is heaped upon materiality it

becomes too densely material to see spiritually the things which exist upon the spiritual planes. Such fasting as Saint Rita's, for instance, has seldom been undertaken by anyone ; more especially by a delicate and frail woman, and if one is to judge by results her fasting was not in vain, but brought about miracles both before and after her passing. Once a part of the Divine Consciousness always a part of the Divine Consciousness. Is it not the greater or lesser degree of impact with that Consciousness which makes the saint or the sinner ?

To turn out all that impedes the light, whether mentally or physically, lets in the light, but are our human doors always open to it, or do we open and shut them against the Light far too constantly to get any lasting results ? In underground caves in India have I seen men seeking detachment from worldly diversions in order to try and open the door of their souls to that light. In lonely closed-in huts in dense forests have I met men who have not been outside of those walled-in huts for fifteen or twenty years, because they were seeking the Light. Plunged up to the neck in icy water in mid-winter have been repentant sinners, striving to find the Light ; and when I have asked them how they have not died of cold, or been frozen and frost-

bitten during such austerities, the answer has been : " We do not feel the cold, it is as though we stood in hot water which is warm to our feet." Who will condemn such struggles for attainment of That which is deemed worth while to strive for, although the ways of attainment are not the same for all men ? Is it not the motive behind the deed that is the only thing that counts ? Surely this is sufficient reason not to join in the laugh which is too often laughed by those who look at the ascetics of India, and regard them as little better than mad men.

It would appear possible that when the physical body is reduced through illness and excessive weakness, that the soul powers more easily assert themselves. At one time when my thoughts were continually with a sister who was very ill, she used constantly to hear my voice at the door, and call to me by name to come in, and I in return often heard her call to me. After her passing I had a dream that I was standing at one of the platform gateways at Victoria Station, while a big crowd passed through, and could see my sister waiting till I could find an opportunity to get to her. As soon as the last of the crowd had passed by, I spoke to her from where I was standing ; and

she came up to me, and linking her arm through mine led me to an enormous plain and there walked with me for a considerable time. It was somehow given to me to understand that we were upon the Astral Plane, and we spent our time in earnest conversation about the world into which she had so recently passed.

In the morning I awoke feeling quite wearied out, as though I had actually taken an unusually long walk ; but my surprise was great when a younger sister who had heard nothing about this dream, wrote to say that she had had a strangely vivid dream in which our " dead " sister had walked and talked for hours with her on a Vast Plain ; so that she got up next morning feeling thoroughly exhausted, and with HER FEET BLISTERED !

On one occasion I accepted an invitation from an Indian Rani to spend the winter with her in a quaint old seventeenth-century fort.

It was a curious experience to live in Eastern surroundings, entirely cut off from any other English people ; and one somehow anticipated strange or uncanny things to happen, but the old fort was perfectly normal, and except that its inner gate, when they closed it at night, made a weird sound like a woman screaming,

I never felt nervous. One night, however, I had a strange and strong presentiment that all was not well with my younger daughter who was in England, but had just written to say that she was about to go on a visit to the South of France. There seemed to be some danger awaiting her ; and almost my last thought as I fell asleep was, " How I wish I could ' phone ' to her from India to-night." I remember the date as it was on my brother's birthday, the 5th of March, that these strange forebodings beset me. I expected that, as a natural consequence, I should dream of my child ; but as far as I remember, I had no dreams at all that night. Some weeks later, however, I received a letter from my daughter, dated the 5th March, in which she said, " I had such a strange dream last night. In it I heard the telephone bell ring, and when I went, I heard your voice say, ' Be careful : I see you SURROUNDED BY KNIVES ' ; but though I tried to hear your voice again, it got fainter and fainter. I remembered my dream perfectly when I got up, and it was so wonderful to have heard your voice, even in a dream." When I received this letter, I could not understand what the "surrounded by knives" meant, and had, in fact, written to tell her that my forebodings on the night of the

5th of March might have been about the gambling that went on in the French town to which she was going, and against which I warned her. Neither of us suspected then what her dream meant ; but the meaning seemed to be clear enough when, a month later, she was actually and literally "surrounded by knives" in the operating theatre of a London surgeon. Here again was a prophetic dream of which neither the dreamer nor I had any clue at the time when our sleeping egos had held converse with one another.

At one time I tried not only to note down my own and others' remarkable dreams, but when possible, to make rough sketches of things seen in dreamland. Many things in life interfere with the keeping up of a habit such as this ; and I often regret that it fell through, as there is so much interest attached to the few rough sketches that I possess.

One records a persistent and most vividly remarkable dream in which I saw a fleet leaving some quaint old port, with stone steps leading down to the sea. This dream always appeared to belong to a part of the history of some previous incarnation ; since none of the people in it were, at that time, at all like any whom I met in my ordinary life.

In this particular dream an army was sailing away from a Greek or Roman port ; and standing at the prow of a vessel, was a soldier, whose eyes were fixed upon the figure of a woman who stood alone on the lowest steps of the landing-stage, and looked her mute, and as it appeared to be, last farewell. The eyes of that soldier made a lasting impression, so much so that one always afterwards seemed to be almost unconsciously looking about the world for some face which had the same eyes and the same expression. Years afterwards, in the Great War, a trooper was about to leave an Indian port ; and as I stood, with numbers of others, on the dockside watching the last farewells, I saw a figure of a soldier standing alone, with the same face and the same expression exactly as that dream-soldier of years ago. How familiar was the whole scene being re-enacted, the troops leaving port, the excitement and sadness of farewells—perhaps for ever.

The whole scene brought back a half-forgotten dream, which I have always thought belonged to a previous incarnation in my own life's history ; for it was this same soldier, when he saw a painting which somehow reminded me of that place seen long ago in my dream, who immediately said, " The Spirit of Forgotten

Things," and it seemed in some strange way to stir a long-forgotten memory. This old painting brought back, in some vague way, a simultaneous wave of memory to both of us. Could it be that he, and the man who stood at the prow of that old barge were one and the same soul ?

It has been noted again and again that people who meet one another in this life feel strangely attracted or repelled by other humans who cross their paths. Is this altogether without reason, or have they met and known one another before ?

Another rough sketch of a dream subject was made one morning after dreaming a rather unusual dream. A friend had lived when a boy in Cawdoe Castle, Nairn—and in my dream I witnessed a duel which was fought between two Scots who, in my dream, wore very old-fashioned clothes, and seemed to belong to some bygone times. I had never seen Cawdoe Castle ; nor did I know whether it possessed a dungeon such as the one I saw in my dream, in which the two men fought. On awaking in the morning, I wrote out my dream, and made a rough sketch of the dungeon ; and when next mail day came, wrote to Scotland to find out whether there was really a dungeon in Cawdoe Castle. I am therefore in a position to reproduce my original

sketch and the correspondence which actually took place in this connection.

Amongst other things seen in dreams was a very curious old sword, the detailed sketch of which I was able to make afterwards, but whether such a sword exists in reality, or where, I am not able to say, since I have never seen another at all like it outside dreamland.

One night my daughter woke me, and said, "I have had a very bad dream about X. First I received a letter written by him in pencil, to say that he was lying seriously ill in hospital. Then I received a letter in a strange handwriting from a hospital nurse to say that he was dead."

I said that I thought we should most probably receive news of the illness of X. ; and a day or so later a letter, written in pencil, arrived from him to say that he had been very ill and was writing from hospital.

By the following mail a letter came, in a strange handwriting, from the town where X. was, and we were half afraid to open it after what the dream had shewn : fortunately, however, the hospital nurse who wrote said that her patient was on the mend.

There must be others besides myself who are familiar with certain places and houses in dreams only ; not only once, but I suppose

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some hundreds of times during my wanderings in the Land of Dreams, have I come across a certain house which has the evil reputation of being haunted.

Sometimes it looks out of repair and deserted, at other times workmen are busy colour-washing and painting it, and then I see that it is occupied ; but even in dreams this is never for long. This dream has come to me times out of number, and in it I am always intensely interested to find out what it is that haunts the house. It was on one of the occasions when workmen were busy doing some repairs there, that I found out that this sinister-looking place was haunted by horrible creatures like huge horny toads, as big as monkeys. They had come out into the garden, and were sitting in the open when I saw them ; and since then I have hardly ever had my former frequent dreams of that house.

In another dream-house all the rooms are occupied except one, and into that people fear to enter ; it is quite a comfortable old-fashioned bedroom, and I have sometimes ventured into it, but only to feel the same uncanny feeling which is common to all those who are psychic enough to sense any uncanny things in their waking hours ; and is not this weird sense of " something wrong " even more interesting

than actually seeing or hearing things? More especially interesting is this strange sense of impending evil when no warning has been given, for it surely points to the fact of the fear being founded upon some unseen and yet existing fact.

There is, for instance, in a certain house in Byculla, Bombay, a quite ordinary flat which is always occupied, but which has in it a room which nobody can live in. This room in even the hottest weather is so bitterly cold that anybody who slept in it would be frozen to death. I was told of it by a visitor who had entered it by mistake for only a few moments when her hostess called to her to come out quickly; and even in that short time she felt quite frozen, although it was a hot tropical day when electric fans were necessary.

This visitor knew nothing at all about the history of that room as she had never been to the flat before.

More wonderful than in such connection is the result caused, than the cause itself: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood."

In India especially does it seem necessary at times to gird oneself with the Sword of the Spirit when coming in contact with terrible things belonging to the Black Path, to which

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belong incantations which can kill the unsuspecting (or those who have not put on their whole spiritual armour) as easily as a bullet put through the heart.

In Thibet, for instance, the gravest oath that a man can take is, "If I am telling a lie, may a certain mantra destroy myself and my entire family." And it is believed that nobody who is telling a lie would dare make this solemn utterance.

Only now is the West beginning to understand the power of unseen vibrations sent out into space; but the East has known for centuries that even a name is the centre of vibrations, and therefore the keynote of a person's character. There are, it is true, but few who can say with certainty, "Give me his or her name, by which he or she is called in daily life, and their character becomes an open book." Is this thing possible? I know, and have tested that it is. And why should all that is most wonderful in life be condemned by certain narrow sects who, ignorant of their own Scriptures, condemn even prophecy, and to whom prophetic dreams such as those interpreted by Daniel, the prophet, are anathema? Would God have saved the life of Daniel if his interpretation of dreams had been a sin? Was he not

favoured with singular favours and blessings ? Do we not read of Daniel and his companions that " God gave them knowledge and skill, in all learning and wisdom : and Daniel had understanding in all VISIONS AND DREAMS."

We are also told that the king found them " ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." It is evident, therefore, that Daniel did things which these people also did, but that he sought spiritual guidance from Omnipotence.

There is enough support in the Christian Scriptures for the dreamer of dreams, and more especially of prophetic and warning dreams, to enable all such dreamers to ignore the opinions of the narrowly inclined who scoff at such things.

I was once talking to a friend about several of my experiences in India, when she told me about a visit she had once paid to some friends who lived in an old chateau not far from Biarritz. She was given a large old-fashioned room, containing a four-poster bed such as our grandmothers used, and the moment she found herself alone after her hostess had bidden her good night, she experienced a strange, uncanny feeling. At night she awoke, hearing a terrible scuffle taking place just outside her door, and thought burglars must have broken into the

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house. Presently a Spaniard, dressed in a long black cloak, opened the door and entered her room : she sat up in bed and was about to ask him what he meant by his intrusion, when he ceased to look towards her and walked off in the direction of a curtain which screened off a part of the room, and disappeared behind it. Not daring either to scream or move, she lighted several candles and waited till dawn, as it was then about 4 A.M. As soon as it was light she crept silently towards the curtain and peeped behind it to see if her strange visitor was still in hiding there, but although there was no window or any exit, not a trace of him was to be seen. Next morning her hostess remarked upon her pallor and asked if she had slept well ; but when she related what she had seen, her story was treated as a joke. So she determined to make enquiries in the adjoining village, and was told that the part of the house which she had slept in was known to be haunted by a Spaniard, who had been connected with a murder which took place there many, many years ago. She begged to be given another room during the remainder of her visit, and was glad to have her request granted.

Soon after her return to her own home she met two Americans, who asked her about the

room she had occupied when she visited the haunted house. "We wonder if you had any strange experiences such as we had when we were there last year: we had heard the story but did not believe in such rubbish; so A. put her couch right against the door to prevent anything being able to come in. Well, she was sorry she had done so when she found somebody holding her by the throat so hard that she could hardly breathe."

Now this was an instance where two very strong-minded American girls were determined to be amused, and yet they too had met with the same uncanny experience. It is, to my thinking, an almost criminal act to invite a guest to occupy a room which is said to be haunted; for fear has been known to deprive timid persons of even their reason.

Who can say what these strange appearances really are: are they visible thought-forms re-enacting some vividly tragic scene that becomes discernible to the psychic vision? It is quite possible that it was in both the instances I have set down the intercommunication of thoughts. Television has proved that the same possibilities which exist for our physical sight may also exist for our psychic sight.

To be able in ordinary life to see actually the

thoughts of others, is not always a welcome experience ; and more especially in the case of untruths which make themselves so plainly visible to the psychic, so that if during sleeping or waking thought two souls are *en rapport*, there should be no difficulty in the way of such dreams or visions.

Indeed, I have been told that my actual presence has been almost seen by friends at a distance, and once the method of visibility is mastered, there will be yet another wonderful page of the Book of Life opened. And since we believe that if once a part of the Divine Consciousness one is always a part of the Divine Consciousness, the same rule may be applied to unknown or unfathomed distances, finding with unerring directness the thoughts of those who have passed on, nor do I doubt the materialization of such thoughts when occasion requires. What is our spiritual self after all but the materialized thought of the Creator. Is it not that Self which is our real Self, while all else is extraneous matter folded and laid aside as it leaves each earth-life and enters THE PRESENCE, leaving its shoes outside the door.

While we are constantly trying to get into touch with dear ones who have passed on, the Hindus hold the comforting belief that on a

certain date every year (corresponding in a sense to our All Souls' Day) those who are called "Dead" return and revisit their earth-life's home for fifteen days. These fifteen days bring some comfort to lonely hearts, and the first day in particular is a day of welcome and rejoicing when special food is cooked. Tradition says that if it does not rain on the first of these fifteen days it will be fair until the last of the fortnight and then it will surely rain so that the spirit visitors may wash their feet before they return to Spirit Land.

Psychic experiences of an alarming or disquieting nature need never come to those who have learnt how to cast out fear ; and even if they should be alarming in a ghostly sense, I believe that it is possible to so master fear through the power of the Spirit that one can look on in a fascinated way, which is like seeing things in a cinema show altogether devoid of any nervousness. No wonder that the Master so often said, " Cast out fear " ; and sometimes a simple thing, such as making the sign of the cross, is enough to arrest fear and cause any unpleasant manifestation to cease. I have often tried this with success, for I firmly believe that it is fear which induces the appearances rather than they which induce fear.

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This may not always be the case, but it often is. Nor is the sign of the cross a mere Christian superstition for this mystic sign has been known many centuries before the birth of our Lord and Master, Jesus the Christ, and to this day the Swastika cross is in some strange way connected with what is called "good luck"; but if we omit the word luck, it still stands for a symbol of Good.

Although psychic experiences appear to be almost inevitably met with on the Path, they are not so important as dream experiences. It is in dreams and spiritual visions that many a wonderful lesson is taught, or warning sent, which the spiritual insight reads with unflinching accuracy.

It was during an evening walk that X. met a gaunt-looking, starving beggar woman walking in the fields. She came up to him and held out her thin, shrunken, fleshless hand for alms, and he immediately placed a coin within her palm, but only to see it FALL THROUGH as the famine-stricken beggar woman disappeared. What could it mean? Yet the meaning was all too clear when shortly afterwards the whole land was in the terrible grip of famine. How many there are who have eyes which see not and ears which hear not the Still Small Voice.

One of the strangest facts ever told, in all good faith, to me appears to show that there are certain spiritually advanced humans who can control at will not only the forces of Nature, but material things. There is a well-known story in India about a certain Holy Man or Pir Sahib who was travelling by railway when the hour arrived for evening or sunset prayer. The train had stopped at a wayside station when the Pir-Sahib was seen to wash his feet on the platform and spread his small carpet before kneeling to pray. His fellow-passengers called in vain to remind him that the train would halt for only a few minutes and he would surely get left behind, but he only smiled by way of reply. Just then the irate guard came up to him, flag in hand, and said, "Are you aware that I am about to start the train and that it cannot be delayed while you say your prayers?"

Still the Pir Sahib took no notice for he had already begun to pray. Then the guard blew his whistle; but something had evidently gone wrong for the engine-driver could not get his engine to move, nor did he succeed until, having finished his prayers, the Pir Sahib returned to his place in a third class compartment, in which all the Indian travellers were prepared to fall at his feet and worship him.

A similar story was told me by T. B., who was employed on the river steamers on the Goalundo-Serajunge route.

The steamers used to pass by the home of a religious recluse who lived alone and in solitude in the jungles and never left his lonely haunt to buy food, so that he depended upon any passing vessels for his supplies. "Very often, so T. B. assured me, we were held up in some mysterious way when passing at some little distance from this holy man's home.

"There was nothing whatever the matter with the engines and yet the vessel could make no headway. Naturally neither the captain nor officers put the slightest faith in the story told by the crew when they said that it was the old Sadhu's doing, and if they were allowed to take him some food and vegetables there would be no further trouble.

"At first this story was scoffed at, but valuable time was being lost ; and at last, in desperation, the captain ordered a boat to be lowered, and sent some provisions to the Sadhu. As soon as the boat returned they proceeded without any delay. I have seen this happen," added T. B., "not once but many times, much to our annoyance."

Facts in connection with my dream of a dungeon in Cawdoe Castle, Nairn.

A is a reproduction of the sketch that I made on waking.

B is from a postcard sent in reply by my friend, who had been ill, but promised to write more fully as soon as he was better. It struck me as being strange that there should have been a tree in an underground dungeon while I was making my rough sketch A, but the picture of the actual place shows that my psychic vision was absolutely correct, and soon afterwards the promised letter still further proved the correctness of my dream.

The postcard is dated 27th October, '11, and says, " This, I think, must have been the scene." The letter which followed it says, " Your letter is beside me, and the date is October 4th, '11 Your actual words are : Last week I had a very strange dream ; that I was in a sort of old castle in Scotland which had belonged to your ancestors, and there was in it an underground room with a mud floor and a little bit of rough wall near the fireplace ; this room was said to be haunted. I found myself in it, and presently two men came in, one thin and tall, the other stout and burly, with a florid face—both dressed in Highland dress. They started to fight a duel

before me, much to my horror—and the stouter man cut the other across the forehead, at which he came forward, and wiping the blood with his sleeve, said, ‘ D’ye see what Sandy has done to me ? ’ I began to scold Sandy and to try and stop the fray, when I realized that they were both ghosts.” But for the fireplace, which may or may not be there, I must have seen the outline of the old chest shown in the postcard and mistaken the low mud wall of my dream for the remains of a fireplace: the chest is, in fact, standing up on an iron stand such as is used to this day in India as a brazier for burning charcoal fires on.

In another dream I once had I saw my daughter in England so clearly that I made a rough sketch of the dream room, which was more in the nature of a vision than a dream so vivid and clear were all its details. In my letter to my daughter giving the sketch, I wrote, “ In my vision it seemed to be a room which H—— had once used.” The sketch she sent back was of “ The plan of the room that H—— used to use,” and my dream sketch bore a remarkable resemblance to this.

It would be interesting to be quite sure whether it is really what is called one’s Astral self which actually visits the distant place, or

whether there are other and undiscovered means by which a distant scene is re-produced.

There is a well-known instance of this related of a certain travellers' bungalow in the Central Provinces of India, where a certain bishop arrived late one evening with his servant, who begged his master not to stop the night there ; but the bishop was tired and would not continue his journey, so he had his dinner and went to bed. Very soon, however, several other travellers arrived and there was so much noise and clatter in the dining-room and kitchen that the poor bishop found it quite impossible to get any rest, so he got up and went out to see what all the noise and confusion was about. Never was he more surprised than when he found all the rooms quiet and the kitchen closed, with no servants or travellers to be seen anywhere. He called his own servant, and questioned him ; but found him quaking with fear. " Did I not warn Master not to sleep in this place ? "

Once again the bishop went to bed, only to find a repetition of the whole occurrence ; so he could stand it no longer, and calling to his servant, he told him to bring his little box in which he carried his surplice, and putting on both surplice and stole, he took his prayer-book and, followed by his servant, went from room

to room, saying solemnly, " Whosoever thou art, I command thee in the name of God to depart hence, and return no more."

Having done this he went to rest and was no more disturbed : nor has that bungalow ever been haunted again by those noisy yet unseen travellers.

One thing alone seems to effect, in many such cases, a cessation of these appearances, and that is exorcism. The solemn appeal to Omnipotence has, times out of number, been known to bring peace and quietness where there was once terror and gloom.

During my father's lifetime we lived for many years in a large house, with a beautiful garden, in Simla. There was nothing to alarm us there except once when a young man shot himself at the head of the road which led to our entrance ; the spot, however, was some distance away and could not be seen from the house itself. Whether or not what I am about to relate was in any way connected with the passing by his own hand, in a violent way, of this poor young man I cannot say ; but every night as the clock struck eleven we heard a most curious sound, like a man walking upon stilts : the sound increased both in speed and in volume until it seemed to rush past our bedroom

window. We were petrified by fear, but never had the courage to look out, until one bright moonlight night I placed my bed alongside the window determined to keep watch. I was not alone as two of my sisters were in the room. As the clock struck eleven we heard the dreaded sound approaching. I hastily looked out of the window, but could see nothing in the bright moonlight.

My friend E. O., who was well versed in all psychic phenomena, told me the following.

He intended, upon one occasion, to give a lecture in a big Indian city. The subject was "Against Christianity as a Religion," and the lecture was fixed for the following afternoon.

That night E. O. was thinking over his points of attack in his room lying down on his couch, when very quietly the door was opened, and a tall majestic figure sat down in a chair beside him.

So wonderful was the appearance of the stranger that he fascinated E. O., who could not even summon up courage to ask who he was, but gazed at him spellbound. Then the quiet majestic one spoke, and taking up one after another, every point included in the forthcoming lecture, he so explained away all that

was antagonistic to Christianity, that his arguments did not leave E. O. a leg to stand upon. He was just about to speak, when the stranger, silently as he had entered, got up and left the room, nor was he ever again seen by E. O., who decided that he would not deliver the lecture ; and never again did he speak a word which was not in favour of Christ, who became his ideal Master.

MY LAST TALKS WITH " JACOB OF SIMLA "

It was an unforgettable experience for me, about two years before his death, to renew my acquaintance with " Jacob of Simla."

Hearing that the now aged man, a once familiar figure on the Simla Mall during the 'eighties, was living in Watson's Annexe in Bombay, I went across to try and find him. There was no lift, and many steps to climb, but at last I stood at the door which had been pointed out as his, and gave a timid knock. A frail-looking old man peered out of the partly opened door and asked who I was.

I told him I had come from Simla, and recalled to his memory a long-ago visit paid to his house, " Winscottie," on the Lukkar Bazaar Road there. This proved to be our " Open Sesame," and after talking for a while together, he invited me to call again as soon as possible.

At my next visit he told me of a medium by whose aid he sometimes held a séance, and asked if I would attend the next meeting.

Unfortunately I was unable to go, and I deeply regretted my unavoidable absence when he told me that his Master was present, and, had I come, I should have been able both to see and touch him, although he had been what is called "dead" for about four hundred years. In any case he invited me to visit him daily during my stay in Bombay, so that I was able very often to drop in and have many wonderful and memorable talks with one of the most advanced of occultists.

Among other things he told me the story of his early life, and how he was born at Smyrna, of Catholic parents, and baptized there. It was here that he spent his earliest boyhood, and one unlucky day played a practical joke which proved to be the turning point in his life.

It was during some solemn service in the Catholic church one evening, when the lights were perhaps just the dim oil lamps of those days, that he carried out his secret plan to substitute ink in the holy water font at the entrance of the church ! As each worshipper entered and touched his or her forehead, it left an unsightly and conspicuous black smear, with the result that there was soon a sort of panic caused when people began to notice the unusual appearance of a neighbour, all unconscious of the fact that

stares were being bestowed upon themselves for the same reason ! Nobody could attend to the service, and great consternation was caused by this naughty schoolboy's practical joke.

The priest, however, denounced it as sacrilege, which was by no means to be lightly treated. Repentance followed, and Jacob, in a fit of penitence, made a clean breast of it and told the priest in confession that he was the culprit. He eased his conscience in so doing, and at the same time felt safe, knowing that it was " under the seal of Confession," and his penance must be bravely met.

Now the priest to whom he made this confession happened to be a master in the day-school he attended ; and from every point of view it was a knock-down blow to the boy, who was then only about eight years of age, when, upon attending school next day the same priest made a public announcement before the whole school, and said, " I have found out who it was that put ink into the holy water font in church ; and the name of the boy is Jacob." Shamed in the eyes of his schoolmates, his parents, and the whole town, and thus openly denounced by one who had broken the sacred seal of the Confessional, Jacob felt he could not endure the disgrace, and fled from his home to become from

that hour a wanderer over the face of the earth.

It was during these wanderings that he met his Master, and conquered those occult secrets for which he afterwards became world-famous.

In his Bombay flat were many relics of the old Simla days ; and conspicuous amongst these were faded photographs of beautiful Victorian women, who were well known in Society in the " Queen of Hill Stations " in his time ; for he always had a very courtly and tender place in his heart for a beautiful woman, as well as for a rare bit of china. Of the latter he often said, " Remember that a piece of chipped china is without value, like a beautiful woman with her nose cut off ! "

His verandah was directly opposite to the grounds of the Yacht Club ; and it was sad to find this old exile from Society (which he had once entertained like a Prince) sitting quietly in the gloom all alone, listening to snatches of laughter and music which came across from the Club ; yet he told me, without bitterness, that he loved to hear the laughter of youth, and to watch all unseen some little love-*idyll* over the way, for it cheered him and made him feel young again.

We often spoke of his old Simla days, and the

remarkable powers he possessed, and I told him we had noticed many times that his Simla house, "Winscottie," was surrounded by butterflies, although no other butterflies appeared to be in the surrounding localities. "Was this mere coincidence?" I asked. "It is not any more difficult," he replied, "to surround your home with butterflies than it would be to make the leaves and branches of a tree outside your house dance their shadows upon the wall of your room, *if you knew how this is done.*" Of these quite minor occult secrets he had written down the formulæ, but, like all true occultists, would never commit to pen and paper its greater facts. One day he showed me a beautiful model of a *brinjal* (a vegetable known as the egg-plant fruit) made of amethyst, with a stem of green jade. With this, together with his magic wand, he had been able to perform his most wonderful feats; but owing to his having once thrown away in a fit of ungovernable rage a large sum of money, his Master came, and after having rebuked him, deprived him of the magic rod, thus crippling his powers considerably. Soon after this he became blind, and remained so for about fourteen years, after which a kind friend who was a surgeon performed an operation which enabled him to see again. He also showed

me a model of the famous Hyderabad diamond, the original of which had led to a lawsuit and his financial ruin.

But although the punishment from his Master had been very severe, it had not deprived him of his rare psychic powers, and to the end he was able to help many who sought his aid. Among these was an Englishwoman who said she would give worlds to meet a certain man whom she often saw in Bombay ; and for whom she felt an extraordinary attraction. To her Jacob said, " Tell me two things first. Are you married, unmarried, or a widow ? I cannot help any married woman or man towards a friendship with another who is married. Is the man free ? "

In this case both were free ; so Jacob worked the spell, and before a week had passed they had met and were engaged to be married.

In gratitude the woman sent him a huge basket of beautiful flowers, which he was obliged to refuse to accept, as it was his rule never to accept any offering for anything he did.

It was known to very few that during the Great War full information as to what was happening at the Front was supplied daily to the authorities by Mr. Jacob, this news being

long prior to any that afterwards appeared (or perhaps did not appear) in the Press telegrams.

I was anxious to hear at first hand if many of the stories told of him were true. "Yes," he said ; he had caused by his wand a vine to grow and produce grapes on his dining-table at Simla ; and some of his most sceptical guests, who believed themselves to be mesmerised, had secreted a few grapes in their pockets to examine at home, and had to confess that they had both seen and tasted them.

He had made himself invisible on certain occasions, and although his guests could not see him they could watch the movements of his knife and fork, which remained visible. Many had once been the stories of Jacob's engagement to Florrie P., a beautiful young Simla girl ; but their marriage had never taken place, and nobody who knew Jacob of Simla's temper had the courage to ask him any questions. In Simla itself it was said at the time that he was "a Mahomedan and wished her to be in purdah, to which she objected" ; also that "he wished to marry both sisters" !

It was a delicate subject to introduce, but one day he happened to mention Florrie P., and voluntarily told me the true facts of the case.

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They had been engaged, but he thought it only fair to let her know that he was, and intended always to remain, a strict ascetic, so that for him marriage could only be in name. For this reason they parted. Her photograph, in a frame studded with diamonds, he kept until she was married, "and then I gave it, frame and all, to them, for what did I want with another man's wife." Yet he still thought very kindly of her, and regretted that it was she who by mistake had let fall the small charm whereby he was able to make himself invisible. It fell near a crow which had swallowed it. "And . . . ?" was the natural question rather flippantly suggested. "No, the crow did *not* become invisible!" He often spoke of the various countries in which he had travelled, and insisted that Turkey was ruled by the son of a slave girl. In Thibet he had found a *tzee*, or sacred stone, which had no less than eleven eyes, and for it he paid eleven hundred rupees. He spoke with bitter regret of the loss of his lifetime's collection of curios, which was practically thrown away by auction in Simla, but which might have fetched many thousands of pounds had it been sent to experts like Christie's. At the time of these my visits Jacob of Simla was in frail health, and had to be very careful of his food.

He made his own loaf of bread daily, and spent more on his dogs than on himself. One day I found him "down and out," and happily was able to help him in his trouble ; yet, at the time, it never remotely entered my mind that he would repay me a thousandfold. This he did by giving me as a parting present some beautiful and rare black coral beads, and as he took them in his hands he said, " There is only one man here who gets these, and that is myself. You have been kind to me, and these are for you.

" These beads," he said, " if worn constantly, even now possess the power to grow ; for there is life in them." I thanked him warmly for his wonderful gift, which is among my most treasured possessions.

But they were not all. He had something else to give before I left, and this was three secrets which might perhaps prove of use to me some day. I sat, pencil in hand, while he dictated them :

1. The Secret of Perpetual Youth. This one was used by the Queens of Oudh in olden days, and by its use they continued to look like girls of seventeen long after they were over fifty.

2. How to make oneself invisible.
3. How to control the sex of a child.

Many times since the passing of Jacob of Simla, when I have passed through the deep waters of poverty, have I felt sorely tempted to make use of these secrets ; but felt that I should first consult my friend E. O., one of the most advanced souls I have known, and who possessed extraordinary psychic powers and occult knowledge, such as made him an unerring guide in all such matters. To letters I received no reply, but I knew that he had himself passed through acute financial difficulties, and yet would never make use of powers he possessed to "command these stones that they be made bread." But when, after a long interval, I met E. O. again, and he, a tall, big swarthy man whom I had known for many years, was transformed before me into a Saxon type, I said, "You changed just now. What happened?" he only smiled, and continued talking. Now E. O., although he advised nothing about Jacob's secrets, was fully aware that I understood about the use or misuse of any such secrets, or else would never have been given them by a man like "Jacob of Simla."

E. O. also knew a secret of perpetual youth, and told me that certain enormously wealthy but dissolute Indians of the highest position had come to him for it, and even placed their heads upon his feet and implored him to give them back youth, monetary advantages being pressed upon him. Yet he had scornfully refused with a "Get thee behind me, Satan !"

Such was his parable regarding occult secrets. Yet, a moment later, he too offered the secret of perpetual youth to me as a free gift !

Perhaps he felt sure of my reply. Of what use would such a gift be to me if all those I loved grew old and passed on, leaving me still young ? And so I refused. But this I knew : nobody who would misuse it may be given an occult secret—not for untold gold. Yet what of Edison, or Kipling, and many others who stand for what is worth while in the world ? Who would not wish to prolong their lives, if certain that the future would not be poorer for the gift ? The secret of invisibility is different, although it also can only be given with extreme caution (and Scotland Yard might find it invaluable !) ; but the determining of sex for an unborn child, as given in the formulæ of "Jacob of Simla," might even solve the problem of succession, and

change the destiny of nations ! Who can tell ? My own children were grown up and married when I received it from the lips of Jacob of Simla, whose last words to me were " Give my love to Simla."

THE END

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